

NEW YORK MIRROR

A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

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NYM CRINKLE'S FEUILLETON

A Pretty and Honest Historical Play—Clancarty the Man and Hero to Win a Woman Through Her Sensibilities—Bygone Heroes of the Drama—Claude Duval and Hamlet—The Theatre the Refuge of Believers in Romanticism—A Dramatist Honored by His Native City—The Quiet Revolution at Wallack's.

Lady Clancarty is a pretty and honest historical play. There is less claptrap about it than Tom Taylor usually employs, and the influence of Steele Mackaye, who collaborated the work with him, is discernible in the turn of the plot.

If there is a thin spot in it to the "carping judge," it is Lady Clancarty's somewhat predetermined and effusive love for a husband of whom she knows so little and has seen so seldom.

And yet, for the purposes of romance, Clancarty, as represented in this play, is just the man and hero to win a woman in a trice through her sensibilities.

He is really a revival of some of the best features of a romanticism that all our imaginative and industrious writers are trying to bury out of sight.

From James to Boyesen they all sneer at the old romanticism and try to put the new psychology in its place.

The heroes of the popular drama were once the Ruy Blas, the Petruchios, the Romeos, the Monte Cristos, the defender of Black-Eyed Susan. Vagabonds and princes, they loved, fought, starved and died and went to Heaven in our recollection, like brave, impulsive, generous souls. They whipped out their swords at an insinuation against virtue; they broke their crust in two for a comrade, and, like Mercutio, said, with a smile, when they had made their fight, "it is enough."

Claude Duval got nearer the head of universal good fellowship than ever did Hamlet—that querulous, questioning, princely prig, who went about in sables exhibiting his pang and shaking his intellectual fist in the face of Heaven.

I think the human animal that has sympathies would rather loaf through the life of Eneas, or jump into the arena with Telemachus, or take a header from the Castle d'If with the Count of Monte Cristo, or stray with the vagabond Rip Van Winkle through the ghost-haunted Catskills, than listen to the moaning of Hamlet. I never found an honest, big-hearted, intelligent woman that did not acknowledge that "Jane Eyre" was a greater story than "Middlemarch," or a warm-rounded, clear-eyed man that would not rather read "Vanity Fair" than "Daniel Deronda."

The fact is the theatre always has been, and ought to be yet, the refuge of those people who believe in romanticism, who do not forget Walter Scott and "The Arabian Nights." It ought to preserve for us something of that precious thrill that ran through our wondering little bodies when we stood open-eyed round the knees of the dear woman and listened to the glories of the Enchanted Castle and the Sleeping Beauty.

What would you not give, oh *blast* soul, could you but restore the old zest with which you read "Robinson Crusoe" and "Aladdin"? Just think a moment of the fairy world at your beck before you knew too much. Why, the theatre was enchanted ground. Its old footlights were alabaster lamps. Its stock actress was always Titania to you, and the bald-headed conductor of the orchestra, with his flourishing fiddle-bow, was Prospero himself with a magic wand.

Those were days of romanticism. There has never been any girl since who was so beautiful as the middle-aged lady of the stock company, because there you didn't know anything about the middle aged lady. She was only a part of "Cherry and Fair Star" or the lone princess who appealed to your heart.

It wasn't any part of the business of the old romantic theatre to take you behind and show you with devilish facts that your dream was stuffed with sawdust; that your princess has crowsfeet under her paint and drank gin and said "damn it." It wasn't the trick of the old romantic play-house, before it got to be called an Academy of Music, to put up a pleasant and goodly illusion with one hand and exhibit all its dirt and wires and hollowness with the other.

Well? Honestly now, old fellow, wouldn't you willingly give up all your Mephistophe-

lean knowledge of the sawdust for one hour of the glamour, the green-room, the *coulisse*, the analytical acumen and the bright hollowness of the princess at a late supper for one hour of the old witchery, of illusion? Wouldn't you bury with alacrity in her own blanc-mange the cynical, doubting, witty woman who shines with her tongue and glistens with her fingers till she tires you, and who knows it all from a lizard, for one hour with that Gretchen whose calico dress was to you like the kirtle of Selene, moon-woven with a haze; whose dear little innocent heart believed with you that black-eyed Susan was worth crying over? Would you not this minute forego terrapin and Latour Blanch forever for the ambrosia of those moments when peanuts and peppermint were turned to manna under the strains of Auber and Donizetti in the mystic light that never was on land or sea!

Come now, you wretched Pendennis; own

As poor as a partridge in a desert, but as proud as a monarch on a marsh. Ready to love one woman or three, he will never deceive any. Loyal to one cause, he is always tempted to anywhere the best fighting is. Witty up to the last word with king or companion, he is ready to melt at the first touch of distress. He makes his entrance through a fight with sticks; he faces the king's guard and climbs into my lady's chamber window—this in itself stamps it with the good old brand. Picturesque in his red coat, a gentleman all through, he combines all the elements of dashing romanticism.

How Lester Wallack would have played him ten, fifteen, twenty years ago! And, by the way, why didn't he play him? He intended to at one time. Was there too much Lady Clancarty to suit his Lordship?

Charles Coghlan plays him admirably—leaning a little perhaps to the gentlemanly rather

"But you have not said anything about Lady Clancarty," methinks I hear you say, gentle reader.

Well, methinks I am not going to. I wouldn't be any more gentle than you are if I did.

I missed her white dress in Pauline. I thought that I would willingly put up with Coghlan's Claude to have her back in the Widow Melotte's cottage. I thought of her in her grand passive poses; of her Greek foot and her Melon arm, and I wondered why Lady Clancarty "took on so." It seemed to me that the distress of the third act was not led up to. I didn't quite feel that hysterics became the Greek goddess, and when she threw herself on her knees and clutched at the door and made ejaculations, I said the liqueur came in before we had had the fish.

I wanted to go away somewhere and write a play for Langtry, with wet crash on my marble brow and sal volatile at my dilated nos-

in dress-coats linger about the table. Pixley stays in her high chair because nobody has taken her down. Estelle Clayton hovered round the Lyceum for rehearsals and then threw up her pretty head at Belasco and went away. Robe isn't engaged for next season—rumor has it. She is getting a troussen ready. And I have just seen a charming play which Estelle Clayton will star in next year.

Steele Mackaye was up there to see Clancarty, and I got ten minutes' talk with him while we waited. It seems that the Buffalo scheme to which I alluded last week is really a testimonial affair. Nearly two thousand solid men of Buffalo—of which city Mr. Mackaye is a native—have put their names to a request that he will allow Anarchy to be done there for a week in the latter part of May.

I regret that THE MIRROR's Buffalo representative alluded to this event as "trying Anarchy on a dog." It is hardly that. Mr. Sanger, who is Mr. Mackaye's manager, and who is to be the manager of the new theatre on upper Broadway, is quite anxious to open the new house with the play, and Mr. Wallack has made proposals for it that are singularly liberal. But Mr. Mackaye, who has written more plays and owns less than any clever man I know, appears determined to hold on to this one and produce it himself. I have already committed myself to the work as decidedly as a man can from hearing it read, and so, indeed, has THE MIRROR editorially. The Buffalo project appears to be a social and artistic endeavor to give recognition to the many good intentions with which Mr. Mackaye has paved the United States. It's a gracious and pretty thing for a city to do, and I do not recall another dramatic workman in this country who has had such an invitation.

At all events I am sure every well-wisher of the drama will hope the best things for this play, simply because it is a high and noble attempt, and they are few just at this moment.

As for Clayton disappearance, it was her own affair. I suppose she imbibed the popular notion of Belasco. At fall events she withdrew voluntarily, much to Mr. Frohman's regret, and Belle Archer was sent for at the last moment.

Its noticeable how little stir the revolution at Wallack's has made. It really hasn't made any more of a ripple than would a change of government in Mexico. Wallack and Mrs. retire as easily as if they were not landmarks. One has a notion that this moss-covered oak under whose branches the whole town has disported for half a century would come down with a crash of regrets, reminiscences, tears and everything of that sort. But Henry Abbey picks it up and sets it aside very much as one puts an old broom in the corner.

NYM CRINKLE.

P. S.—My Dear Fiske: I've outgrown being complimented. But once in a while I am touched by a direct tribute. [The Herald did not copy the article I wrote for you] about its editor.

It must have been well written indeed.

N. C.

Orthoepy.

Beers. The custom, it would seem, very generally prevails in England of pronouncing this word in absolute accordance with its orthography, yet the highest English authorities, Walker and Smart, for example, would have it pronounced as it is universally pronounced by Americans, *beers*.

Wore. The pronunciation of this word, *wore* or *wur*, that is very common in this country is not sanctioned by any dictionary authority. The first *e* has, properly, the sound of *e* in *verge* and of *i* in *mirth*, which is a sound that differs materially from the sound of *s* in *surge*, a sound that is often very improperly given to this *e*, which appears in a long list of words. The English often pronounce the word as though it were written *ware*, giving to the *e* the sound of *a* in *care*. This pronunciation is as far from being unauthorized as is our *wur*.

Lieutenant. The first syllable of this word may be pronounced *lu*, *lef* or *lev*. There is good authority for either one. The first pronunciation is most common in this country, and I think it is to be preferred, because it comes nearest to what the orthography demands. Thus much in response to "A Subscriber."

Dissimile. Mr. Leslie Allen has no authority for putting the sound of *s* in this word once, much less twice.

My. In the sentence ending with the words "unlike my Beverly," Mrs. Barrymore should not slur the *my*, but should give the *y* its long *i* sound. In cases like this, the slurring of the *my* robs the words of much of their import.

ALFRED AVRAY.



up. There has never been any Fotheringay since, has there?

The theatre was an illusion then.

Well, that's what it ought to be yet. That's its most precious quality. The light that never was on land or sea ought to be kept burning there forever in a sacred crusade, like those lamps in the old grottoes of the Rosicrucians.

Let me see—where am I? Oh, yes—Clancarty. There's a romantic lamp burning in it. Donough McCarthy, the Earl of Clancarty, is the hero of old-fashioned romance. You'll like him. You can't help it. He isn't drawn out of the present. He comes up from the near past, mellowed and tinted. He is an excellent type of a race that presents the best and the worst on every page of its history, hip and thigh. A free, brave sketch of an Irishman who will love, fight, drink and die at a moment's notice, but cannot be cajoled or coaxed to do a dastardly thing.

than to the vagabond side, and breaking up the dash and spontaneity of the Irish character with that inevitable jerky deliberation of his.

It is so much better than his Claude Melotte, at which I laughed till I shook my rub collar-button (that the Beggar of Ockwund gave me for translating the Bunch of Keys into Singalese) out on the floor, and which, by the way, that d—d usher who wore it in his neck said he didn't know nothing about—I say it was so much better than his Claude that I came to the conclusion Mr. Coghlan must have moods and conditions, like other men, and sometimes took too much wine for dinner.

To be erudite, Claude should be played with a *sic* not with a *sec*.

(As this joke is intended for Mr. Coghlan's private use, others who do not understand it can receive explanations by mail by applying at this office.)

trials. I wanted to see her in a play that fitted her like that white dress. Not that I am a good milliner, but that I could tell when she isn't well fitted.

But she's a brave and good girl, and every woman in the parquet disagreed with me, just as all the fellows in the other boxes who have written about Clancarty have disagreed with me. Everybody says it's the best thing she ever did, and everybody will go and see it again—and so will I.

The truth is, the drama in New York just now is like the dinner where the wine and the cigars come on and the ladies have gone up stairs. Lady Clancarty ought to be the Earl of Clancarty. The Jilt ought to be called The Old Beau. The Old Homestead maunders delightfully about Joshua Whitcomb. Dauvray is gathering her skirts about her. Janauschek and Bowers left the table some time ago. Erminie reminds you that the servants

THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

At the Theatres.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE—LADY CLANCARTY.	
Donough McCarthy.....	Charles Coghlan
King William III.....	Frederick A. Everill
The Earl of Portland.....	H. Rich
Lord Woodstock.....	Joseph Carne
Sir George Barclay.....	Kenneth Lee
Lord Spencer.....	H. A. Brower
Cardell.....	S. J. Broadhead
Lady Betty Noel.....	Kate Pattison
Susanna.....	Mrs. Calvert
Lady Clancarty.....	Mrs. Langtry

Tom Taylor's Clancarty is not unfamiliar to our playgoers. Ada Cavendish presented it in this city a number of years ago, and within recent seasons it has been acted sporadically. Mrs. Langtry revived it on Monday evening at the Fifth Avenue in a very complete and handsome manner, and—in despite of the rain—before a large and notable audience.

It may be supposed that in changing the gender of the title Mrs. Langtry thought to transfer some of the weight of interest from Lord to Lady Clancarty. If so it was a mistake, for, after witnessing the performance, the fact remained that, although rechristened after Donough McCarthy's sweet wife, the most conspicuous character in the play is brave Donough McCarthy himself.

The piece is laid in a period of chivalry, intrigue and treachery, at the time of the plot to assassinate King William III, in 1666. Historical facts are skilfully blended with dramatic situations. The dialogue is clever, and the result is a symmetrical, interesting drama of the romantic school. In the hero are combined bravery, honesty, patriotism, devotion, gallantry—all the qualities, in short, that the chroniclers and commentators of another generation loved so well to exalt. In the heroine there is loveliness of character of a higher type than forms the standard among contemporary dramatic writers. Amid plot and counterplot, traitorous subterfuge and cunning statecraft, the smooth, pure current of a chivalous nature cheered by wifely solicitude moves on serenely.

The Irish Earl, Clancarty, is a type that does one good to see upon the boards in these days of Surrey sentiment and cheap English melodramatic puppets. The gallant, courageous, witty soldier with his heart-stirring heroism and abnegation of self quickens the pulse and makes one wish that the dictates of fashion had not pushed such elevating and healthy figures from the modern stage, and that dramatists had not lost the art of drawing them.

There was every evidence at hand on Monday evening that the spectators found Clancarty absorbing and enjoyable. There were a number of curtain calls, and the excellent acting of the principals, allied with the artistic staging, gave rise to general admiration.

Mrs. Langtry's Lady Clancarty was an agreeable surprise to those that doubted her ability to do emotional work. She has grown rather stout and her hair, cut short, is not particularly becoming; nevertheless it goes almost without saying that the Lily was fair to look upon and that she wore a number of beautiful gowns. In the bedchamber scene she warmed to her task, threw off the somewhat constrained and amateurish air that previously had marred her efforts, and rose to a really effective plane. Her despair after the arrest of her husband, her hysterical prayer to Lord Spencer to be allowed to accompany him to prison, culminating in complete abandonment to grief, were excellent, if perhaps portrayed in stronger colors than the author intended. The scene of intercession with the King was also finely acted.

But the first honors of the night were unquestionably borne off by Charles Coghlan whose Clancarty was by long odds the best personation he has of late years given the public of this city. There was a well-bred ease, a charming good-humor in the lighter scenes that was winsome in the extreme, while in the more serious business of the part the actor's intensity was indubitable and penetrating. We have seen Mr. Coghlan in all his appearances here, but we have never seen him in such entire sympathy with a role than on the present occasion.

Mr. Everill's King was a well considered piece of acting, embodying in manner, speech—and to some extent in looks—the historical idea of that monarch. Mr. Rich made the Earl of Portland look like a galvanized mummy on which there had been a *post-mortem* growth of hair. Mr. Carne's Woodstock was graceful and intelligent. The Spencer of Mr. Weaver was as hard and relentless as necessity demanded. Mr. Weaver's name is always contributive to the strength of any cast.

Miss Pattison played the bold and bouncing Lady Betty Noel delightfully.

The scenery and appointments were accurate and adequate.

UNION SQUARE—THE DEACON'S DAUGHTER.

Ruth Homeweb...	Annie Pixley
Iasiah Jubal Homeweb...	M. C. Daly
Charley Lawton...	George Backus
Irving de Vere Chillington...	W. G. Reynier
Sigismondo...	Ed. Temple
Squire Hirian Slimbergast...	Koontz
Mrs. Rachel Homeweb...	Miss A. Douglas
Mrs. Dashiell Brown...	Miss A. Barclay
Mary O'Dougherty...	Irene Avena

Rain did not apparently interfere with the attendance at the Union Square Theatre on Monday night. The house was well filled, and a strong contingent of first-nighters was sprinkled through. Annie Pixley had come to town to try her new play, *The Deacon's Daughter*, on the Metropolis. The large audience was very friendly toward the Deacon and his offspring, especially the latter, who was given an enthusiastic greeting. The play is principally Pixley, as no doubt was the author's

intention from the moment he put his pen to it. In only one act is there a suggestion of anything Miss Pixley has hitherto presented in New York. Then, in a farm-house scene, Miss cropped up a little. The Deacon's Daughter has been successfully launched, and will probably float on the waters dramatic for a long time. It is one of A. C. Gunter's productions, and here is a synopsis of its story, which is not very deep:

Ruth Homeweb's parents live in a New England village. Their straitened circumstances send their daughter abroad to seek a living. She comes to New York and goes into domestic service as a nursemaid—something very rare for Yankee girls to do. Becoming stage-struck, Ruth finds, under the name of Mabel Hawthorne, fame, flattery and fortune as an actress. She is living in handsome apartments—a fair Bohemian—surrounded by admirers, with one of whom, Charley Lawton, she falls in love. While arrayed in full evening dress, Ruth receives word that her father is at the door, waiting to see his "darter." The old man believes her to be at service in some grand house. To hoodwink him she changes costumes with an Irish maid-servant. The trick is successful until the old man discovers that his daughter is hand-maid to an actress. In his wrath he compels her to return home with him. In the next act, a farmyard scene, Ruth is found installed at a washtub and shore of her good clothes. Squire Slimbergast, an uncouth fellow, makes love to her and is repulsed. On occasional visits to New York the Squire has seen the girl on the stage, and he recognizes Mabel Hawthorne in Ruth Homeweb. He threatens to expose her unless she favors his suit. On her further refusal he carries out his threat. The girl makes indignant denial with such effect that the Deacon wallop the Squire and drives him off. In revenge, the Squire, to whom the Deacon owes money, levies on the household gods of the Homewebbs—evicts the old couple. The scene changes to New York once more. By easy stages the Homewebbs discover their daughter to be an actress, but they are reconciled to the fact, and forgiveness easily follows.

Miss Pixley was charming as Ruth. She acted with much spirit, but, in the opinion of many old admirers did her best work in the garb of the country girl. She wore some magnificent costumes in the other acts, and looked especially bewitching in the dress of a page in the photograph gallery—third act. She sang a number of songs, some old, some new, including "The Wash Tub" and a familiar drinking song. In all her vocal efforts she was rapturously applauded. In a word, Miss Pixley had the house with her from her first entrance, and its interest never lagged. There were recalls and flower-pieces too numerous to particularize. Miss Pixley's favorite "old man" and stage manager, M. C. Daly, as Deacon Isaiah Jubal Homeweb, absorbed nearly all the rest of the "fat" in the piece. The part of a country deacon come to town is a familiar stage picture, and Mr. Daly did not depart much from convention; still, he created a great deal of merriment. His consternation and horror on being confronted by a lady in full evening dress was amusing. George Backus had little opportunity to be anything but graceful in the part of Charley Lawton, the lover. Just what sort of character W. G. Reynier was trying to interpret in Irving de Vere Chillington was difficult to understand. Chillington was a blase man-about-town, dabbler in amateur theatricals, etc.; but Mr. Reynier did not appear to comprehend him, being too loud in voice and manner. Ed. Temple may not be responsible for Signor Malatesta Tomkins, photographer—a character that had little to do with the play. He was made up as a Majilton, and indulged in the most extravagant actions. He was grotesque, but not in the least bit funny. Robert Fisher was uncouth enough as Squire Slimbergast, and managed to make the part tolerably amusing. Miss Barclay did well as Mrs. Dashiell Brown, a "society conundrum," who shocked the Deacon in decollete dress. Mrs. Homeweb was satisfactorily played by Miss Douglas. Irene Avena was excellent as Mary O'Dougherty, the maid. Her entrance as the mock Miss Hawthorne was convincingly funny, and her "awkward business" with the dress train kept the audience in roars. Singular to say, there was no call for the author.

The Main Line found a station at the People's Theatre on Monday night, and in spite of rain a goodly audience was in attendance, and was highly satisfied despite Inter-State complications. Lively and bright little Eta Hawkins carried through the part of Possey Burroughs, the telegraph operator, with a great deal of skill, and was much applauded. She is the central figure of the play. Dora Stuart played the amusing part of Little Prairie Flower with "unctuous embonpoint and wit." She made a capital stage house-keeper, and the audience rewarded her with plentiful laughter, especially in the love scene with Zerbabel Puddycump. This same Puddycump was fairly acted by Harry Allen. The author, H. C. De Mille, interpreted the leading villain, Jim Blakeley, in a stony and unnatural way. F. B. Conway acted Colonel Jack Hatton solidly, and James Neill was a good walking gentleman as Lawrence Hatton. J. W. Hague gave an interesting but somewhat highly colored rendition of the mental agony of the station-master.

The realistic stage effects of moving trains, engines and so forth pleased the audience immensely, and so did Philip Goatcher's beautiful scene of a mountain valley in Colorado.

Charles A. Gardner and his Karl the Peddler company opened the Spring and Summer season at Tony Pastor's Theatre on Monday night. The house was not large, but it was very demonstrative in approval of Karl in his balking the machinations of villainy. Mr. Gardner sings very sweetly. His voice, if not thoroughly cultivated, is at least natural in its tenor quality, with nothing forced. Emily Kean, though quite ill and under the doctor's care, was bright and vivacious in the soubrette role of Mary, maid-of-all-work. Aside from being a clever soubrette, Miss Kean is an excellent singer, and her topical song, "Never More," won many encores. Robert V. Ferguson was absurdly funny as Tibbs, the lawyer. He ought to be on the burlesque stage, for he is not a legitimate comedian. David R. Young's Peter Stein was by far the best acting in the male support. In fact he is an excellent actor, and evinced much discretion and tact in a rather forbidding role. Thomas Fitzgerald amused the audience by his execrably bad reading of the pathetic lines of William Stein. Dan Williams was at home as Owen O'Donnell, an Irishman in service. Robert McNair was excellent as Pedro Gaudi, a villainous Gypsy not irredeemably bad. Marion May, Eva Byron and Little Pettie Dunn filled the other roles acceptably.

The Grand Opera House was literally packed on Monday night with an audience in which masculinity preponderated. George Thorne on this occasion essayed the part of the notary LeBlanc. He was nervous, but in spite of this and the Ko-Ko-osity ever noticeable in his work, he proved acceptable to the spectators, who received his funniments hilariously. Vernon Jarreau made a pleasing Evangeline, while Annie Somerville was a graceful Gabriel. The rest of the cast was in most respects the same as of old. The burlesque's antiquity does not affect its popularity. Conried's Gypsy Baron company appears at the Park next week.

A week's revival of Little Jack Sheppard began at the Bijou on Monday night. Several changes in the music and cast have been made, the former being bright and sparkling and the latter considerably strengthened. Nat Goodwin, as Jonathan Wild, was as grotesque and funny as ever, and his songs and acrobatic antics called forth liberal applause. Lillie Grubb, who played the part of Winifred Wood, looked as pretty as a picture and evidently won the hearts of the audience from the moment she appeared. Stuart Harold, as Thames Darrell, sang one or two songs acceptably, and the famous Clipper Quartette helped to add to the merriment of the piece, which throughout was well received by the large audience. Little Jack Sheppard will be kept on until Saturday night only, as next week Adonis Dixey will appear at this theatre.

Her Atonement was presented at the Third Avenue Theatre before a crowded house on Monday night. Edith Clayton gave a satisfactory impersonation of the leading role, Martha West. Nellie Sanford was effective as Mrs. Morton. Jean Delmar, as a New York newsboy, scored a distinct success. Miss Delmar's fine singing captivated the audience, her rendering of Ardit's Palma waltz song receiving several encores, while floral testimonials were passed to her. Frank Carrington as James Morton, W. H. Hamilton as Charles Le Roy, and A. H. Hastings as Colonel Swift were excellent and were frequently applauded. M. J. Gallagher, as Officer Patrick Mulligan, was very amusing. Next week, Michael Strogoff.

The Kerrv Gow was presented at the Windsor Theatre on Monday evening before a large audience. Joseph Murphy and his clever company, including Belle Melville, gave a fine all-round performance, evoking unstinted applause and laughter, and excitements on villainy as well. Next week, Mme. Janauschek in Meg Merrilles.

The present week concludes Mr. Dockstader's first season of minstrelsy in this city. To give a specially agreeable recollection to the final performances one of the best bills yet is presented. The pretty little theatre, with its refined and luxurious appointments, and its clever performance, has grown steadily and honestly into the esteem of the best class of amusement-seekers. Success has attended a venture that was dubiously regarded by many, and Mr. Dockstader, at the conclusion of his first year's endeavor, has the proud satisfaction of viewing modern minstrelsy in the Metropolis as an established and permanent fact.

Old Heads and Young Hearts is doing very nicely at Wallack's, for John Gilbert's Jesse Rural is one of the delights of the town, and the revival, generally speaking, is adequate and satisfactory.

Boucicault brought out his Jilt on Saturday night, Fin MacCoo, the new-old—"original" war drama not meeting with popular acceptance. The star's performance of the sporting Irish Squire is amusing and clever, and Misses

Borodyske and Hamcroft, besides illuminating the stage with their beauty, give agreeable and intelligent personages. On Monday next Mr. Boucicault will bringon *The Shaughraun* again.

The Black Crook finishes a prosperous engagement at Niblo's on Saturday. Next week Lawrence Barrett will present his showy production of *Rienzi* for the first time in New York.

The Old Homestead's exceeding popularity at the Fourteenth Street Theatre continues, and Mr. Thompson as honest Uncle Josh nightly faces large and fashionable audiences. It is a good sign, by the way, that swindom finds diversion in this pure and healthy exposition of simple country life, for it shows that the belli and beaux of the town are not dead to the appeals of honest truth and native humor. The play will be given until June 4.

Among the several seasons that close this week none is more likely to leave a gap than Harrigan's. Cordelia and her Aspirations fetch a period of successful effort to a prosperous termination. Mr. Harrigan has given us a good deal to laugh at and much to admire, while his coadjutor in the realm of melody has set our feet to moving again and again with his delightful compositions. The capital company has shown us work commensurate with the artistic standard of past years, and we take leave of them for the Summer term regretfully. Conried's Gypsy Baron company appears at the Park next week.

The Grand Opera House was literally packed on Monday night with an audience in which masculinity preponderated. George Thorne on this occasion essayed the part of the notary LeBlanc. He was nervous, but in spite of this and the Ko-Ko-osity ever noticeable in his work, he proved acceptable to the spectators, who received his funniments hilariously. Vernon Jarreau made a pleasing Evangeline, while Annie Somerville was a graceful Gabriel. The rest of the cast was in most respects the same as of old. The burlesque's antiquity does not affect its popularity. Conried's Gypsy Baron company appears at the Park next week.

On Tuesday of the coming week the Lyceum stage will be occupied by The Highest Bidder, a farce-comedy by John Maddison Morton and the late E. A. Sothern. Young Mr. Sothern will fill the role designed for, but never acted by, his father. There have been a number of clever people engaged for the cast. On Saturday night of this week Miss Dauvray closes her extended engagement with *The Love Chase*, which will on this occasion be given for the benefit of the Gettysburg Monument Fund.

A Trip to Africa has actually scored at the Standard, and for the first time this season that house is filled nightly. The operette is charmingly sung, acted and staged.

Ermisne, the phenomenal, is still assembling multitudes at the Casino, and the prospects for the Marquis seeing the footlights before midsummer are decidedly slim.

The Musical Mirror. Italian music has not yet palled on the popular taste, if one may judge by the audience at the third operatic Casino concert on Monday night. Parquette and gallery were packed to suffocation. Late comers, both men and women, stood in rows three or four deep at the rear of the seats, and pretty women, in bright toilettes, peeped through the wire cage in the gallery and inhaled cigarette smoke and musical ecstasy in equal parts.

The programme in its general features was but a repetition of the two former ones. Signor Del Puento and M. Guillot sent excuses; but as their places were filled by Scalchi and Galassi, no one, except perhaps a few fanatical Tore-adors, was at all disgruntled. Most of the old favorite *morceaux* got re-sung along with new ones. Vicini was faulty, as usual, in an air from the *Elisir*, and Abramoff unusually smooth and dignified in the fine *Venetta* from *Erania*. Novara, as an encore, again depicted his innocent and jubilant state or mind "when he's drinking—drinking—drinking!" It was a superfluous cruelty to thirsty souls in the gallery, who were quenching their ardor and mentally *toasting* the Mayor in those maddening fluids, apollinaris and ginger-ale.

Mme. Scalchi gave the page's song, "No! No! No!" from *The Huguenots* very daintily, and sang the *Brindisi* from *Lucrezia* superbly. Her *Barcarola*, in reply to an encore, was taken in such rapid tempo as to suggest that the presumable Neapolitan fisherman who sang it was—what no Neapolitan fisherman ever was, since Partenope first arose—in a hurry.

And finally, Mile. Valerga, at the end of the evening, sang very brightly, a charming waltz by R. Sapiro, "Won't you come again to press me to your heart?" whereupon from all the white-cravated young men in the corridors rose a gentle murmur in a tone of heart-felt conviction, "We will! we will!"

Mr. Byron at Home. "I've come in, but not through terror at the Inter-State law," said Oliver Byron, who dropped in on Wednesday to pay his respects to THE MIRROR. "My regular season—thirty weeks—closed in Chicago on Sunday night. The company, minus myself, is playing a farewell week in Grand Rapids, Mich. This has been my best season in twelve years, and I have now entered on a six months' rest. The

Inside Track has proved a great success, and for next season managers ask for but little else in my repertoire. The play has been much improved since its first production in New York. Still, I'm always a bidder for new plays to add to the list. The first author suggested me just before I ascended the stairs. I suppose I will be peiced with a cartload of manuscripts between now and next October, when I begin playing again. Well, I will wade through most of them in the hope of finding something to suit me."

CASINO. Mr. Rudolph Arnoux Broadway and 30th Street. Manager. Evenings at 8. Saturday Matines at 2. 50 Cents. ADMISSION 50 Cents. Reserved seats, soc. and \$1 extra. Boxes, \$8, \$10, \$12. The greatest Comic Opera success ever produced in America.

ERMINIE. Chorus of 60. Mr. Jesse Williams, Musical Director. Orchestra of 24.

Seats secured two weeks in advance.

TH STREET THEATRE. Corner 6th Ave. Mr. J. W. Rosengren Sole Manager. Every Evening and Saturday Matines. STANDING-ROOM ONLY. Seats secured three weeks in advance.

A MAGNIFICENT PRODUCTION. Its success was immediate and unequalled.—SWS. JUN. 11. DENMAN THOMPSON, in a successful continuation of Joshua Whitcomb, THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

"One of the few substantial theatrical triumphs witnessed in New York in recent years."—Times, JUN. 11. "Such gorgeousness in the way of scenery and stage-setting has seldom been seen in New York outside of Mr. Daly's Theatre."—Journal, JUN. 11.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE. Under the management of J. M. HILL. ANNIE PIXLEY. First time in this city of A. C. Gunter's new play, THE DEACON'S DAUGHTER.

New Songs, Sparkling Medleys, Handsome Costumes and New Scenery.

Matinee Saturday. BIJOU OPERA HOUSE. Miles & Barton, Lessee and Managers. Farewell Week.

N. C. GOODWIN.

supported by MILES & BARTON'S Bijou Burlesque Company in LITTLE JACK SHEPPARD.

The Giddy Gusher.



"To be popular just now, the first requisite of a novel is a risky situation," said a book publisher to me the other day. "The author who can skate over the thinnest ice is the chap who will go through the most editions."

(I believe I'll write a novel myself.)

To me it's always as good as a play to see people select books. Most all middle-aged folks turn to the end of a story to see if it finishes well.

You just write a tale and tail it with some such sentence as: "So our lovely heroine, Maria, expired as the fickle but repentant William Henry put his long-unused night-key in the lock." You will never sell a copy of that book to a person over fifteen years of age.

The young who do not know that sympathy with fictitious griefs will furrow their baby brows may tackle it; for the young do not know that the tears of sensibility have power to dim the eyes as well as those wrung from their source by grief. They like to cry. But as folks go on in years they look for distraction from the sorrows of life in books and the playhouse.

"I did enjoy seeing Lucille Western in East Lynne so much!" said a lady to me. "But I can't bear to see Morris in Miss Merton."

"And yet," said I, "the later actress and the later version of that tearful story are by far the best. I guess you don't like to cry as well as you did."

And she acknowledged it. She couldn't bear Hoodman Blind because she cried over it so that she had a fright for a day or so.

When Kate Bateman years ago played a piece called Mary Warner at Booth's Theatre, a man who kept a restaurant on the block said he couldn't understand why, "with Rignold and Adelaide Neilson, his tables were crowded after the show; but with Bateman and the enormous business she did he wouldn't catch a dozen parties, and hardly any ladies among those."

Because Madame et Mademoiselle knew their cheeks were streaked, their noses red, their eyelids swollen and all the "make up" taken clean off. If they had been as hungry as hunters they would never have shown up their condition in a well-lighted restaurant. The place to put up your eating-house is in the vicinity of a comedy theatre.

A book to be popular now must have very suggestive situations, like those in "Jess" and "Dawn," or unnatural horrors, like that ghastly "She!" If "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Ida May" were out to-day, new, they would never catch on as they did twenty-five or thirty years ago. The public taste has changed. Whole towns were in tears simultaneously over those lovely books in those days. But I had an advanced literary appetite—none of that mush for me. "The Mysteries of Udolpho" and "Peregrine Pickle" suited me very well up to my seventh year. They were in grandpa's library, and grandpa was a very clear-headed old man. The Rev. Mr. Roe in those days wrote a book called "I've Been Thinking," which was very popular and always found in Sunday-School libraries. My grandmother bought it and gave it to me. Of course I read it—I read everything. Grandpa picked it up, and I advised him to read it. We used to have a little game together. If we went anywhere, read or saw anything, we would each write an opinion of the entertainment and then read it to each other.

I wrote, in my big childish hand: "I've Been Thinking there are three big fools in the world—the man that wrote that book, the woman who bought it, and me who read it." Grandpa wrote, in his shaky, time-worn fist: "D—d trash all the way through." So you see the old man and I thought very much alike those many years ago.

* * *

I think the newspaper references to Selina Dolaro the past week are in extremely bad taste, to say the least. One touching paragraph makes her out hanging round the outer doors of the Metropolitan Opera House to catch the echoes of Patti's applauding audiences. Now, if she's so ill as to point the moral and adorn that tale, she's not running round much nights in the draughts of opera lobbies. Certainly, if she had any interest in hearing Patti, Henry Abbey would see that Madame Dolaro had a comfortable seat; and, furthermore, I can't imagine she is the sort of woman to miserably compare her past with another's present triumphs and to hungrily listen to the applause bestowed on Patti—thinking of her own successes. She's too much of a philosopher. Her triumphs lie, as all women's must one day, in the past. She is

very ill—facing the grave in fact—but the whole grand procession of us is headed the same way. The very scribe who sharpens his pencil and goes to moralizing over her past health and beauty and her present weakness and danger, may turn up his toes in advance of her.

Time brings nothing but decay to us, and I think it the happier fate to drop off the bough with one fatal touch of the blight, than linger to come squashing down an unsightly mass of corruption. The good, plain, commonplace woman who has had in her youth neither beauty nor ability, who has passed through girlhood and middle-age without excitement or success, may enjoy all the discomforts and miseries of old age; but for the women such as Adelaide Neilson and Selina Dolaro—it seems to me they should fittingly sweep down the breeze like brilliant Autumn leaves—passing from view in all the splendor of crimson and gold, rather than survive the blasts of Winter, to be pushed off in their brown and withered state by the pesky little buds of Spring.

* * *

I think there's a great mistake about this business of Death. You take twelve dead and twelve living faces, and study their expressions. You will find anxiety, sorrow, discontent and pain stamped, in more or less distinct lines, on the living faces. You will find the seal of settled peace and a knowing look, if not almost a smile, on every one of those marble masks. I always turn from the contemplation of the dead with a firmer conviction that that is by no means the worst that ever happened to 'em. And it's a blessed poor result of the Christian religion that everybody is so afraid to die, and that when death is threatened to any one the moralists must begin to draw hair-standing comparisons between the past glory of the victim and impending destruction.

Dolaro is abundantly able to settle her ante-mortem biographers; but as I think of her in her supple, Oriental shape of beauty, with the glory, intense (I won't steal Nym Crinkle's word—sensual) spirit of health pervading her sweet face, I feel vexed that paragraphers should use her for a text to preach from.

I've got a dose of malaria this Spring, off the Harlem River, that qualifies me to make a few mortuary remarks. When I strike the down grade I won't have people coming up to me with long faces and remedies that have brought some friend from the grave. I want 'em to speak in a light, congratulatory manner, and say: "Well, you won't be troubled long with this infernal climate," or, "Bless me! how near the end you look; but you always were in luck."

Steele Mackaye fairly lighted up yesterday morning when he said, "What a magnificent corpse you'll make!" By George! there's a good many of 'em won't make that.

I have the pleasure to announce that New York will shortly be treated to something new in journalism. I haven't been so much amused since I called on Crowley as I was in a Hudson River car the other morning.

Two youthful members of that race who wear the biggest noses and diamonds that darken and lighten this wicked world, were deep in a literary conversation when I dropped in on 'em. They were Moses and Aaron at home no doubt, but they addressed each other as Frank and John in public. John is evidently connected with some village journal. There is a hamlet called Ludlow on the Hudson line, then John is editor of the *Ludlow Lighting Bug*.

"You don't show much fervor in the matter," says Frank.

"I've gone *fervor* in it than you."

"Oh, good! That's pretty good—print it," advises Frank.

"I've got a good one—I'll give it to you—about turning off the *Faucet* in Boston."

"I did that as well as spigget—Spigatti. I used that up very well. By the way, it's my birthday next 20th."

"Want to know—I was born on July the 4th."

"Then you are a 4th of *Juliar*."

"Good—that's pretty good—use that. An Independence day orator is a 4th of *Juliar*. Put it that way—that's very clever."

"Frank, do you think there's an opening in New York for a purely satirical journal—all satire except a story by some good man?"

"I do; but satire has to be written by some one very well known."

"Do you think the —— pays?"

"Well, I don't know. They get off a pretty big edition. I suppose they sell 'em."

"I ain't so sure. Seligman is shrewd. He'd have a big edition to make it look profitable."

"So he would. *Life* could be made to pay if the proper amount of satire was put into it."

I got interested here, till I found *Life* was the paper with the funny pictures.

Just here the car-door swung open for the dozenth time, something being the matter with the lock.

"What's the difference between this car and a bull-fight?" asks Frank.

"It's got a cow-catcher," groans John.

"No; one's got a horrid door and the other has a *torreador*."

"Good—that's good—work that up. There's a *mat* at door also. That's first-class. Print that this week."

* * *

Here we came into the depot. "I tell

you," says John, "this talk has done me good. I've made up my mind; I'll give New York a paper—just the sort it needs—pure satire—every paragraph all satire. There's a dearth of it and a want for it. I'll meet that demand."

"So long, old fel—I'm glad you fell in with my *train* of thought. Hudson River train, eh? Not bad—work that up if you want to; I want to catch that car. Good-bye."

Dear Moses John! He's young and has much to learn, but his trust in Aaron Frank and Satire is beautiful. I hope he may get there, but he's a good way off just now, or I'm no

of man that *is* a man, that *is indeed* a man. Miss Stanhope should read, *love that is love*.

Then, in spite of them!
cries Mr. Rodney. "*Then, in spite of them!*" would be hardly less intelligent.

For more than life I live there.

Mr. Rodney again. *Not love but life* should clearly receive the stronger emphasis. Mr. Rodney is not at all happy in the rendering of the following lines. I will mark their proper reading as nearly as I can.

So my light love,
(Which but her person did at first affect)
Her soul has metamorphosed—made a thing
Of solid thoughts and wishes. I must have her!

The word *made* is the word Mr. Rodney comes down on with more force than on any other word in the four lines. It will be seen that *made* should be touched quite lightly, as should all the words not italicized, with the exception, perhaps, of *first*. What's it about? is a question Mr. Rodney, in common with the other five, does not often take the trouble to ask himself.

Now comes he to declare himself, but wants
The courage to declare himself.

If Miss Vernon will think a bit, she will not need to be told that *declare* and *courage*, not *comes* and *wants*, are the words to bring into the foreground.

Sure women talk of such and such a style
Of features in a man. Give us good humor;
That lights the homeliest visage up with beauty;
And makes the face where beauty is already,
Quite irresistible.

Miss Vernon puts the strongest emphases on *women* and *light*; not because she has any reason for doing so, but because Haphazard chances to land them there.

If I have not set down against Mr. Whiting as many false readings as against some of his colleagues, it is not because he reads better than they, for in truth the utterance of no one of the six to me is less pleasing. Mr. Whiting has an intoning, non-committal, non-virile, slide-along, snapless style of utterance that alone is sufficient to stick him so fast in the slough that he is in that all Barnum's elephants couldn't pull him out of it. Until Mr. Whiting effects a radical change in his manner of delivery, progress in his art is impossible. Nor is the manner of delivery of any one of the other five much less faulty than is Mr. Whiting's. Instead of being natural and intelligent, they are all artificial and automatic. Being wound up, they unreel now in this tone, now in that; now with more voice, now with less. They seem to use the words to exercise their voice-making muscles on, rather than to convey the thoughts of the author with.

As for Miss Vernon, besides her other faults, she is twice too loud, save in the scene when she berates Sir William, the intended effect of which is ruined by the boisterousness that precedes it. "How soft she speaks, how very soft!" says Sir William of her; yet this (langushing?) softness nowhere appears in Miss Vernon's personation of the Widow Green. Delicacy of touch is something Miss Vernon would seem to know nothing about.

It is in her habit to go thundering over the demands of the sense; hence, if the right words are emphasized, the pauses rightly placed, and the inflections rightly made, it is the result of mere chance; intelligence has had nothing to do with it.

It is too much to expect that anyone shall always be correct with his emphases, pauses and inflections; but the intelligent, pains-taking reader should not, and need not, often go wrong. Here, for example, is a sentence the correct reading of which one might be excused for not seeing at the first glance:

You sportsmen never are to blame!

Miss Dauvray emphasizes *are* when she should emphasize *never*, touching *are* quite lightly. If Wildrake had said he was not to blame, then Miss Dauvray's reading would be correct; but he has not said so, hence Constance should read: "You sportsmen never are to blame!" Transpose *never* are thus: Never are you sportsmen to blame, and the correct reading becomes more apparent. Transpose words or clauses as much as you will, so long as you do not change the sense you will not change the emphasis. The thought will point out the emphatic words, be they in the sentence where they may.

Mr. Whiting is less excusable, when he reads:

Indeed, a heap or none.
I'd wager on the heap.

The most emphatic word in the two lines is the last one. The thought is: If I were going to bet, I'd not bet on the *none*, but on the *heap*.

Oh, to love *truth*, and yet not dare to speak it—says Miss Stanhope, thereby failing signally to bring out the meaning of the line. He that reads in this way has not taken the trouble to get more than a superficial knowledge of the meaning of the words. The meaning in this instance clearly is: To love *truth* and not dare to speak *truth*.

Well he becomes his clothes!

Miss Dauvray's utterance falls far short of making its meaning plain. If she will imagine the sentence to begin with *how*, she will find the proper utterance easy.

The cause of causes, lady.

From Mr. Sothern's reading of this line, I take it he is one of the many that read, my heart of hearts, the man of men, great among the greatest, the mightiest in the mighties.

I respectfully suggest, my heart of HEARTS, the man of MEN, great among the GREATEST, mightiest in the MIGHTIEST, and cause of CAUSES.

Similar to look at, but very dissimilar in fact, is the line:

Love that is love bestoweth all it can—

which Miss Stanhope reads as I italicize it.

If the sentence were, *The sort of love that is genuine love*, etc., would Miss Stanhope still emphasize the second *love*? Hardly, for then the second *love* might be dispensed with without affecting the thought in the least. We say, the man that *is* a man, meaning the sort

have the *Peddler* entirely re-written, and presented it with new scenery, new songs, new business, etc. In fact, everything in the *Peddler's* pack will be brand-new, and I believe the wares will be more in demand than ever."

Hoodman Blinn's New Management.

"Having secured Frederic de Belleville and Viola Allen for the leading roles in *Hoodman Blinn*, we are engaging in their support the best people we can find," said Frank H. Perley, of the firm of Perley and McFadden, who manage the drama next season. "Most managers say that Mr. De Belleville will make an admirable Jack Yulett. He is a large man as I think the part calls—a sturdy young yeoman. To be in keeping, we are engaging tall men for the support. Miss Allen is easily the best leading woman for her age on the American boards. We have bought outright the original scenery used at Wallack's and the Grand Opera House. I am assured that it has never been used outside these theatres. As to other accessories, I would say that none of last season's printing will be used. We have contracted for new, unique and elaborate printing. The play will be seen in only the high class theatres, and there will be only one *Hoodman Blinn* company on the road next season."

Professional Doings.

Kate Castleton closes season at Pueblo, Col., on May 21.

Gus Williams closed season in Danville, Pa., last Saturday.

Houck's Opera House in Cincinnati closes its season May 21.

The regular season at Havlin's in Cincinnati closed April 21.

The Cincinnati Elks will have a monster benefit at the Grand in that city May 1.

Warren Ashby and Mario Heath have been re-engaged for Peck's *Bat Boy* for next season.

J. B. Polk cancelled his Pennsylvania dates and closed season in Philadelphia last Saturday.

Giles Shine and Lavinia Shannon are re-engaged for the Summer season with Mrs. Jameson.

The Hayes Costume Company furnished the dresses for Mrs. Langtry's production of *Lady Chancery*.

The MacCollin Opera company's season at the Highland House, Cincinnati, will open about June 23.

The proprietors of the Coeur Island of the West enterprise are erecting a first-class hotel at that resort.

Jessie Williams, late of Aimee's company, was recently offered the title role in *Man's Will* by Jessie Kimball, but declined.

Mme. Nevill and her son Auguste continue to do a good business in *The Boy Tramp* and will not close until midsummer.

After June 4 Verne Clarges, of Ross Coghlan's company, will be

THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

ITEMS: Messrs. McLain and Lehman have secured the American Opera co. week of May 9, and will play them at the new Pavilion, where the Flower Festival is now being held. This building is much larger than the Opera House, which was too small for this large company. Season tickets at five performances will be placed at \$15 each.

SAN DIEGO.

Leach's Open House (J. M. Ashburn, manager); Minnie Maddern in *Caprice*; Miss Maddern's tour to San Francisco follow her throughout Southern California, and the two performances here were attended by audiences in which the fortunates possessor of standing room had reason to congratulate himself. While *Caprice* contains no startling or even exciting episodes, the text is pleasing and comprehensible and interpreted by Miss Maddern interest kept at the highest pitch. Her voice is that of a girl, and she has something in her delivery that is positive and fascinating. In her way she is almost perfect, and her way is decidedly pleasant and wholesome, lacking that coquettish star of a note of pretentious magnitude are wont to associate with an innocent rural maiden. With the exception of T. J. Herndon, in the role of the Don East farmer, the supporting co., while satisfactory, is not brilliant.

COLORADO.

DENVER. I'm informed that the Booth \$3,000 opening at the Tabor Tuesday was the largest the tragedian has had this season, with the exception of San Francisco; but at the latter place there were \$1,000 in premières.

Mr. Booth must have been battered by the scene of eleven years ago. But he did well, and his audience, collected and faultlessly attired men, made up to brilliant a gathering as it has been my good fortune to witness. To be sure, it wasn't noisyly enthusiastic over Mr. Booth as the Cardinal—Denver audiences never are in their bearing toward great actors—but it was very discriminating in its approval, and a hearty call followed each act. The banner performance of the six will doubtless be Hamlet, which was the bill for Wednesday.

The house was filled every night, and the curtain was up in the Tabor, and it was more distinguished in its make-up than on the opening night. Thursday was Fool's Revenge—another triumph in every respect. To-night (Friday) Shylock and Katherine and Petruchio. To-morrow matines, Hamlet, and at night: Othello. Mr. Booth as Iago and Mrs. Barrow as Desdemona. The house is to good business.

Romany Rye is to good business at Harris' The Silver King. Next, Shadow Detective.

THE WESTON BROTHERS IN OUR MINSTREL BOYS.

WASHINGTON. Saints and Sinners to fair houses at Albaugh's. This week McCulli's Ruddygore. Patti May 3, the McCulli co., probably, balance of week. Lily of Killarney, by "selected" co. week of 6. Summer prices, benefit of Washington Light Infantry Corp.

The Main Line to only tolerable business at the National. Bob Downing all probably have large houses this week. Next week East Abbott.

Romany Rye is to good business at Harris' The Silver King.

The Weston Brothers in Our Minstrel Boys, this week Kieran's.

I items: Louise Raymond, of the Romany Rye co., was knocked down yesterday afternoon by a piece of scenery and rendered insensible for some hours. She was removed to the city at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Frank V. Bennett.—The Mikado, by local amateurs, at Rifles' Armory, so and so for benefit of the Rifles.—Forepaugh's Circus May 4-5.

NEW BRITAIN.

Opera House (W. W. Hanna, manager): Frederic Bryton, in *Forgiven*, played an immense house at advanced prices \$1. Alone in London \$2; good house.

Item: John Hanna, lessee of the Opera House, has secured the services of Charles L. Hopkins, proprietor of the Strickland House, as manager of the theatre for the remainder of the season, and possibly for next season. Mr. Hanna's success has increased the house during the past month, owing to his youth and inexperience which has allowed its affairs to become somewhat mixed.

MIDDLETON.

McDough Opera House (A. M. Colgrave, proprietor): A very large audience greeted Ruddygore, presented by John Stetson's co., under auspices of the Wh-El Club 10. Daniel Giffith in *Minstrel* as Manager from Jarvis Section 10; fair house.

WILLIMANTIC.

Loomer Opera House (S. F. Loomer, proprietor): Frederic Bryton in *Forgiven* co. excellent; house light, owing to local attractions. Giffith and Scott's Uncle Dan's co. \$2; house light for same reason.

MERIDEN.

Opera House (T. H. Delevan, manager): Coe Tanqueray, and faultlessly attired men, made up to brilliant a gathering as it has been my good fortune to witness.

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DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

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DELAWARE.

WILMINGTON. Academy of Music (Proctor and Coulter, managers): On the Rio Grande, a good business last week.

Edwin Arden in *Eagle's Nest* opened week of \$2 to a good house.

Grand Opera House (G. R. Baylis, manager): Sam's of Poses, with Frank Howard in the title role, pleased a good-sized audience \$2. Lost in New York 40-30; Shadows of Great City, May 8-9.

GEORGIA.

Academy of Music (H. Horace, manager): Our amateurs gave a very creditable performance of *Our Boys* 10. Elodia Aardman and Julian Rogers made the hits of the occasion.

Cook's Specialty co., under canvas, 18, week. The performance fully merited the excellent patronage.

ILLINOIS.

BLOOMINGTON. Durley Theatre, *Medea* 17; large and critical audience. James O'Neill in *Monte Cristo* 10; enthusiastic audience; splendid business.

ROCKFORD.

Opera House (C. C. Jones, manager): Modjeska, in Mary Stuart, was created by a crowded house 18. Mary Shaw, as Queen Elizabeth, shared the honors.

Maurice Barrymore, as Mortimer, was careless and indifferent. A bunch of Keys was jingled to a crowded house 10.

Reception: Mrs. C. C. Jones gave an afternoon reception in Modjeska's honor and to her lady friends. All were delighted—Ladies presented Madams with a beautiful bouquet at end of third act.

STREATOR.

Plumb Opera House (J. E. Williams, manager): Week of 10 Wilber Dramatic co. Business light.

DECATUR.

Smith's Opera House (F. W. Hales, manager): James O'Neill in *Monte Cristo* 10; large and admiring audience. Devil's Auction 10; good house.

GALESBURG.

Princess Theatre (C. H. Hoover, manager): The Kunice Goodrich Dramatic co. began a week's engagement 18, and have played every night to "standing room only." Miss Goodrich is the brash actress who has appeared here at cheap prices, and her support is good.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club 10; Stetson's Burlesque co. May 7, and the Adamless Eden co. 19.

INDIANA.

The Hoosier capital is taking on for a time more of the theatrical air that graced it before the Inter-State gully was caused by a Congressional upheaval. With three houses open and a circus in town, the heart of theatre-goers was happy during the week. Barrett, in *Rienzi*, opened at the Grand 10, for a two-night engagement. The attendance was good. The drama has already been reviewed in the *East Boston Symphony Orchestra* dated May 1.

At English's Hick and Sawyer's Colored Minstrels 10, April 20-21, to poor houses. Edwin Booth, in *Hamlet*. May 5. The advance sale has begun, and was a good start.

The Museum had a big week with *One of the Bravest*. Gray-Stevens co. in *Without a Home*, *Bravo!* Falls and *Fantasma*.

CONNECTICUT. **HARTFORD.** Opera House (Jacobs and Proctor, managers): Colonel Sian's Brooklyn Theatre co. presented *Alone in Love* in *London* 10, and the *Minstrels* 10; and maintained the leading role and was supported by a carefully selected cast. Special scenery was used in each act with good effect. Harry Lacy and Planter's Wife remainder of week to fair business. Those who have not seen the original *Ermine* at the Casino will have an opportunity of witnessing their excellent travelling co. at Albany Hall 10-12. Packed houses are assured.

Personal: The smiling face of Sam' Alexander is seen daily in the *Times* and *Journal*. He has a similar trip in contemplation for the coming warm weather. As noticed in ad. in *Mirron*, Manager Wing will next season represent Charles T. Ellis in an entirely new play under the management of F. P. Proctor.

NEW HAVEN. New Haven Opera House (Horace Wall, manager): A large audience, many of whom were personal friends of Harry Lacy and Kate Hawthorne, greeted The Planter's Wife, so. The co., while not of extraordinary strength, succeeded by intelligent, painstaking effort and avoidance of all overt acting, developed a strong hold on the admiration of the public. Mrs. Louise Galante, 10, while no less beautiful, proved herself a better actress than she has been here three years ago. The support was well thought of, though Mr. Coghlan's Pygmalion, which appeared careless and rude, was disappointing. The play, short as it was, was hurried through, and Mrs. Langtry rushed from the stage before the curtain had fairly fallen to catch an express to New York. Reviewers declared that she was the best actress in town.

Alfred Mantell as Prince Karl, 10, not only kept his audience in constant merriment, but delighted their artistic sense by his perfect characterization. Beatrice Cameron and Eddie Germon, if it is fair to distinguish, did excellent work, but were compelled to decline to repeat with the new dialect. Considering the story of the night, the attendance was good.

Bunnell's Opera House: Edith Sinclair in *Box of Cash* and J. J. Sullivan in *Blackthorn* filled week of 18. Phoss McAllister and Co.'s *Taken from Life* for week of 20. The Museum has little of attraction at present. Donovan went directly from here to dive again from the Brooklyn Bridge, an attempt that ended so ignominiously.

Briefs: William Muldoon, the noted athlete, in the sword contest with Robert Downing, received a wound that prevented his appearance in the second performance. In so realistic a manner has the scene been represented that this is the fifth or sixth time an accident has occurred. Once Mr. Downing received a cut across his left arm, and at another time Mr. Muldoon was quite seriously burned in the forehead by a spark struck from the heavy swords.—The Prince Karl co., after a season dating from August 30, disbanded in New Haven. Nearly all the co. are engaged for a summer tour.

WATERBURY. Jacques Opera House: The return of Frederic Bryton in *Forgiven*, 22, attracted a well-pleased audience; third appearance this season. A large and fashionable audience attended the presentation of Ruddygore by the Stetson Opera co. The piece was handsomely mounted, beautifully costumed, and the scenic effects were fine. The chorus was full and evenly balanced and superior to any heard here this season. Excepting for a wait of nearly an hour between the first and second acts, occasions by Manager Roth insisted upon the performance until the question in dispute was settled in his favor, the entertainment was a success. Manager Roth politely told Massa or Roth that he must raise the curtain and/or he would take legal steps to compel him. Manager Roth refused. A lawyer was called, and the dispute soon settled in favor of Manager Roth. Anonymous letters have appeared in our daily papers severely criticizing Manager Roth and saying the blame entirely upon him, which is unjust.

Theatre Belasco (C. J. Belasco, manager): G. H.

father and Scott's comb, presented *A Messenger from Jarvis Street* 18-20; large and enthusiastic audience.

Benefit: Lauren F. Ross, who has been playing leads with Newton Beers' *Lost in London* co., was tendered a complimentary benefit 18, which was largely attended, and a large programme was given. The Patriotic Society (of which Mr. Ross is a member) presented the one-set farce, *A Regular Fix*. Varied selections followed.

NEW BRITAIN.

Opera House (W. W. Hanna, manager): Frederic Bryton, in *Forgiven*, played an immense house at advanced prices \$1. Alone in London 22; good house.

Item: John Hanna, lessee of the Opera House, has secured the services of Charles L. Hopkins, proprietor of the Strickland House, as manager of the theatre for the remainder of the season, and possibly for next season. Mr. Hanna's success has increased the house during the past month, owing to his youth and inexperience which has allowed its affairs to become somewhat mixed.

MICHIGAN CITY.

Opera House (Weller and List, manager): Graham's *Minstrels* 10; medium business.

ELKHORN.

Bucklin's Opera House (J. L. Broderick, manager): The Wilber Dramatic co. No. 6, attracted good houses all last week, and gave the best of satisfaction.

KOKOMO.

Opera House (Frank A. Craig, manager): The Kermode Minstrels played a fairly remunerative engagement last week at cheap prices. Fred Darrow, in *A Rag Baby*, 10; Gilmore's Band, May 3, and McNish, Johnson and Slavey's *Minstrels* 6.

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THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

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The Organ of the Theatrical Managers and Dramatic Profession of America.

Published every Thursday at No. 12 Union Square, by THE MIRROR NEWSPAPER COMPANY, Proprietors.

HARRISON GREY FISKE . . . EDITOR

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MIRROR LETTER-LIST.

Aimes, Marie	Lynch, Mark
Alexander, Samuel	Lewis, Catherine R.
Barker, F. G.	Lee, Tanner R.
Bianchi, A. G.	Ledum, Henry
Branicki, J. M.	Le Poer, Miss
Brockhouse, Rowland	Morrison, R.
Baker, F. C.	Mills, Ida
Bally, J. A.	Mortimer, Charles
Bartlett, J.	Murray, D. M.
Berry, J. V.	Murphy, B. J.
Collins, John	McAnally, R.
Cox, Harry, Harold	McCollin, J. W. F.
Colson, Harry	Marriott, Charles
Cottier, F. G.	Minor, C. M.
Campbell, Frank	Nelsoe, Robert
Carroll, Laura	Nicholson, P. F.
David, Frank	O'Connor, Owen
De Land, Anna	Ogleby, Dick
Dobson, J. W.	Orton, William
Edwards, Miss E.	Pike, G. W.
Foster, Robert	Parrish, Ed.
Fox, Etta	Petravsky, Marie
Ford, J. T.	Peterson, Walter H.
Feld, Francis	Poor, Chas.
Forness, W. J.	Prentiss, Marie
Gerry, Al.	Perry, Stanhope
Gallatin, Alberta	Pitou, J. J.
Glimmer, John	Potter, Lillian
Gilbert, Katie	Roberts, C. W.
Givens, E. F.	Revere, Blanche
Green, W. W.	Sheridan, E. V.
Gillies, W.	St. Julian, Miss
Gillies, W. H.	Stanley, C.
Harriet, Fred	Stansford, W.
Hannett, W.	Stevens, W.
Hasty, J. R.	Smith, C. H.
Hill, G. A.	Sullivan, Dick
Hornell, G.	Taylor, H. P.
Hanson, Harry	Tessy, Kate
Hanson, J. Z.	Tauris, Edmund
Hastings, J. E.	Underwood, A. R.
Hastings, J. E.	Upton, G. T.
Harris, Honolulu	Vane, Linda, Caprice
Hastings, J. A.	Wright, G. A.
Hastings, Frank	Wright, H. W.
Hedge, A. D.	Weber, R. A.
Hoffman, V.	Wingfield, J.
Homes, Howard	Whalen, M. M.
Hood, Frank	Williams, Gus
Huntington, George	White, L.
Kirkland, H.	Wheeler, W. O.

* * * The New York Mirror has the Largest Dramatic Circulation in America. *

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

On May 1 the Publication Office, Editorial Rooms and Mechanical Department of THE NEW YORK MIRROR will be removed to the iron building, 145 Fifth avenue, corner Twenty-first street, where handsome and commodious quarters have been leased.

Misguided Workmen.

The "Theatrical Progressive Union" is the name of an organization that has recently come into existence. Its members belong in New York and vicinity, and they are exclusively machinists, property-men, carpenters and stage hands. The Union has addressed a circular to the managers of "all legitimate and combination theatres and museums," which states the object of the body to be protective and promotive, and announces a schedule of prices that will be enforced in all places of amusement. All new contracts are to be made in accordance with this schedule, and all existing contracts will be null and void after June 1 next.

The managers are further notified that no employee will be allowed to have charge of more than one department; that stage hands' work will commence fifteen minutes before the curtain rises, and they are not to assist the flymen, and that the system of employing actors, "supers" and other incompetent persons to do the work of carpenters, stage hands, gas or property men in theatres or with travelling companies shall be abolished forthwith.

All this is very fine, no doubt; but the managers don't think so. At a gathering the other day at which nearly all of the representative men were present, it was informally agreed that the fraternity would resist the encroachments and the dictatorial attitude of the Theatrical Progressive Union. As one well-known manager put it: "These people make a great mistake if after June 1 they attempt to lay down terms to me. They are not skilled laborers, and I can run my stage without any of them. Let them demand or let them strike—it will not make a particle of difference." And in this independent view of the matter the other managers unanimously concurred.

The attempt to introduce the union system among theatrical mechanics is likely to do no one any good. At present the carpenters and stage hands receive

liberal pay, and their interests are well-guarded by their old-established benevolent association. Managers in this city have never been union-ridden, and they will not, in all likelihood, submit to a trial of the experiment.

It is singular that some classes of men, and particularly mechanics, never let well enough alone and never know when they are well off. It is a short-sighted policy that projected the "Progressive Union" of stage mechanics, and it may lead to some decidedly unpleasant results—so far as the promoters are concerned.

Literary Merit in Plays.

Constantly is an outcry made for better plays; a high class is asked for, and the wonder is raised that it is not answered. High-class drama requires not only first-rate talent, but a special genius. That the dramatic faculty is isolated from any other cast of ability is shown, historically, in the fact that for the last century but one of that order has appeared.

This seems an extraordinary condition of things, when we bear in mind that the last hundred years have swarmed with poets, eminent, brilliant and full of verve and power. Yet not one of these has been able to "turn out" a single successful standard acting play. Certainly not for want of effort, for each by turn has put his hand to the task. Walter Scott, Byron, Coleridge, Wordsworth and a long train of cometary brethren have branched their spears in the tragic horizon, but have all soon departed from sight, failing to establish themselves as planets of an assured orbit.

What makes the situation most remarkable and worthy of critical consideration is that which is most wanting in all the attempts—namely, literary merit, which is the element which predominates in the writings of the poets of the past century. To this point attention is just now called by a cable despatch which says that some of the English critics, while admitting the strength of a certain American play just brought forward in London, deplore its lack of literary merit. This announcement gives occasion to a New York journalist, in the columns of a popular daily, to declaim ironically on the subject of literary merit in a play. A second reading of the subject would perhaps shew him that the literary element permeates all the great dramas of the world, and is a main condition that makes them enduring.

Now, what is literary merit in a play? Clear expression, ornate, not florid, modulated sentences suited to delivery, discrimination in style, varying with the character; above all, an impetus and upward lift-giving momentum to its utterance. The protesting journalist states as matter of fact that the box-office receipts when literary merit is on the bill are not always satisfactory, and that is why the managers as a rule prefer the plays that abound in every-day humanity to those that bristle with poetic sentiment and Latin quotations. We cannot just now call to mind in contemporary productions these bristling and Latin exhibits; but we can claim that every drama that has held its place on the stage for a term of five-and-twenty years has the unction of a good style in which it is steeped and kept fresh and sound.

Has literary merit failed to enhance, ennoble and perpetuate Alfieri, Goethe, Schiller, Moliere, Shakespeare, Sheridan and their confreres in all ages and all countries? It is the defect and frequently the utter neglect of this environment that makes American dramas short-lived and superficial in their impression. It is the pure, terse, apt style that embalms the impersonated character and keeps it alive in the memory.

Literature, it may be justly said, has been too highly estimated by our managers and actors. Lacking the literary life, the current productions for the theatre are mushroom growths without root, bearing artificial flowers and lifeless foliage which perish in the Spring-time, fruitless, furnishing no fragrance nor shelter for the weary wayfarer. Dramatists of America! plant deeper, choose better seed and seek to secure the vitalizing dew which falls upon every plant that lives.

Personal.

ANDERSON.—Julia Anderson will star in Robert Johnson's Inez; or, A Life's Secret next season.

BERNHARDT.—Bernhardt's engagement at the Grand Opera House, in Cincinnati, was the reverse of profitable.

WHITING.—Joseph Whiting has been engaged by Manager Palmer for next season at the Madison Square Theatre.

BANCROFT.—Helen Bancroft will play the leading part in Fascination in support of Cora Tanner at the Brooklyn Park next month.

CHISNELL.—Newton Chisnell, late comedian for Aimee, has taken the late M. W. Fiske's place in the Kimball-Corinne Opera company.

BENNETT.—Frank V. Bennett, formerly a member of the profession and now the popular manager of the Arlington in Washington, is paying the Metropolis a short visit. He is stopping at the Victoria.

MANSFIELD.—Richard Mansfield closed his travelling season at New Haven on Saturday night last. Next season he will have a repertoire of four pieces, A Parisian Romance, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Prince Karl and a new comedy by A. C. Gunter. The latter will open his Summer season May 30, at the Madison Square, in the last-mentioned piece.

CHAMBERLIN.—Zeke Chamberlin is busy with preparations for his benefit, which takes place at the Union Square Theatre on Sunday evening, May 1. The list of volunteers is long, and the entertainment will be choice and varied. During sixteen years and seven months on the door of the Union Square Zeke made myriads of friends, and his ben. will no doubt will be a bumper.

FISCHER.—On the first page of THE MIRROR appears a portrait of Alice Fischer. The lady has not been long upon the professional boards. She was discovered by Frank Mayo, under whom she became a most promising pupil, developing rare dramatic ability. At present Miss Fischer is playing the exacting role of Countess Zulieski in Nordeck, and everywhere the performance is received with great favor.

JUNE.—Recently the Albany Elks had their first benefit. George W. June, of the Silver King company, worked up the affair until it had doubled the point of artistic and financial success, and even consented to allow the pure metal of the entertainment with a speech. A local sheet whispered of him as a "wonderfully apt extemporaneous and apologetic orator." This is referred to Indianapolis for interpretation. Mr. June was presented with a diamond studded Elks' badge by the antiered of Albany.

Mr. Mantell's Success.

"Robert B. Mantell closed on last Saturday night at New Haven," said Manager Pitou to a MIRROR reporter recently, "after a season of over thirty-one weeks, the company being originally engaged for thirty. I have been as successful with Mr. Mantell as I could possibly hope for the first season, the company coming in with a profit of several thousand dollars.

"Next season there are to be a number of changes in the company. My principal engagement is that of Fanny Gillette, who will be Mr. Mantell's leading lady. I have watched the dramatic career of Miss Gillette for several years, and must say that I consider her the most promising young emotional actress in the profession, with a great future before her. I have engaged Miss Gillette for a number of years. I have secured Nettie Van Sicklen for leading juveniles. In view of the work I have laid out for Mr. Mantell next season—two new plays and a large repertoire—it was absolutely necessary to make a number of changes. For next season Mr. Mantell is booked in all the principal cities and on better terms than this. He is now firmly established as a star attraction. Our contract has four years longer to run. Mr. Mantell has rented a cottage at Long Branch, where he will spend the Summer, opening his season about the middle or latter part of September.

"The large repertoire mentioned will consist of El Americano, a new play by John W. Keller and myself; Tangled Lives, The Lady of Lyons, The Marble Heart, Ruy Bias, Don Caesar De Baza, Romeo and Juliet, Othello, and possibly Wild Oats. Regarding the new play Mr. Keller and myself are at work on, the scenes are all laid in Mexico, but the story deals principally with American characters. Mr. Keller is doing the literary work, while I am attending to the dramatic situations and the stage craft. Mrs. Mantell's part is that of a young New York bachelor of twenty-eight or thereabouts, who in the hours of business is a thorough business man. He is considered one of the shrewdest men in Wall street, and is the junior partner of a large banking house which is a part of a syndicate that has bought mining property. He is sent down to transact the business, and while in Mexico falls in love with a Mexican lady. The play is essentially romantic, no wide pantaloons or swaggering, but instead the piece will be full of strong situations.

"We shall present Tangled Lives occasionally. It was extensively advertised, and has a strong commercial value; but having played it for seven weeks in New York, three in Boston, two in Chicago, two in Philadelphia and two in Cincinnati, we found it necessary to have a new play for those cities. I might state that David D. Lloyd is also working on a new play for Mr. Mantell, which will be produced if it proves to be the kind of drama we want."

Miss Dauvray's Faith in Herself.

"My season closes at the Lyceum Theatre on next Saturday night," said Helen Dauvray to a MIRROR reporter who found her in her private office after the matinee the other day, "and I can say with truth that it has been a most profitable one financially and fully up to my most ambitious hopes artistically. They say that every cloud has a silver lining; so while, of course, I regret the failure of Met by Chance, said failure has done more to help me artistically than if it had been a success. Had the play proved successful it would have run the entire season, and it would have taken me another year to have made the artistic progress that I feel I am not egotistical in saying I have made this."

"Being forced to produce other plays has given myself and company opportunity to appear in legitimate high comedy, and our success has been such as to encourage me to follow out that line. There has not been a week

this season that has not yet yielded me a profit. Even Met by Chance yielded more than its running expenses, although of course I was out the entire cost of the production.

"We had thought of another entire season in New York next year. That is not likely now, as there are so many resident companies which are going to do comedies. With the exception of eight or ten weeks in a Broadway theatre, I shall probably play the entire season out of town. I do not think that one season out of New York will cause me to lose the affection that the patronage I have received leads me to believe the theatre-going public of New York have for me. You may state, though, that it is among the probabilities that within the next two seasons I may have a theatre of my own in the Metropolis. Still, there is plenty of time in the future to talk about that.

"The company for next season will be practically the same as at present, Mr. Sothern remaining with me. It is uncertain now whether I go to Europe or not during the Summer, but I suppose I will later on. If I do I will keep my eyes open for new plays and new dresses. W. R. Hayden will continue as my manager, and will manage no other attraction but me, as his contract states. I have a long vacation this Summer, opening the regular Fall season the latter part of September—in Montreal, I believe. I make up for it, though, by not closing till June. My time is nearly all booked, principally in the large cities, there being only six or seven one-night stands in the entire season. My repertoire will consist of all the plays I have produced this season and several others, One of Our Girls included, although I don't think the latter will be used as an opening play."

Goodwin's Long Season at the Bijou.

"Next Saturday night," said George W. Floyd to a MIRROR reporter, "will mark the close of Nat Goodwin's thirty-fourth week at the Bijou Opera House and his regular season. As a whole, the season has been very successful both in an artistic and financial way. For twenty weeks the business was very large. These were the ten weeks of Little Jack Sheppard, six of Turned Up and four of The Mascarade. During his season Mr. Goodwin has produced five different pieces. Little Jack Sheppard proved the most attractive and did the largest business.

"The sale for the last night, April 30, is something phenomenal. All of the boxes have been already taken, and most all of the seats have been sold to about 500 of the comedian's Masonic friends—the members of the Mecca Temple of the Mystic Shrine. At the end of the performance Mr. Goodwin and the entire management of the Bijou will be escorted to the Masonic Temple, where they will be banqueted.

"On Sunday, May 1, the company leaves for Philadelphia by special train. Since the going into effect of the Inter-State Commerce law it is cheaper to hire a special conveyance than to go on the regular trains. We begin a two weeks engagement at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on May 2, and then divide the remainder of a season of twelve weeks among the cities of Brooklyn, Boston and Chicago. We close in Chicago about the middle of August. The repertoire will consist of Little Jack Sheppard and The Mascot, except in Chicago, where Mr. Goodwin will produce John Graham and J. Cheever Goodwin's extravaganza of Pippins. At the end of the season Mr. Goodwin will take a rest until the latter part of September, probably taking a short trip to Europe, although he has a great many invitations to accompany friends on their yachts to the different watering-places, and they may succeed in keeping him here.

"We open next season at the Grand Opera House, St. Louis, on Sept. 25. Then we keep West until Christmas, when we open at the Grand Opera House in this city. Altogether we play eleven weeks in New York next season, dividing the time between the Fourteenth Street, the Grand Opera House, the People's and Niblo's. As for our company, it will be strong, and every member will be starred. It will consist of J. B. Mason, Charles B. Bishop, Charles Coote, E. F. Goodwin, Helen Mortimer and Frank Moss. Negotiations are also going on for three very prominent lady artists. I shall continue to manage."

Another Mare's-Nest.

Some time ago a decayed dramatic paper, speaking in the interests of an equally decayed dramatic agency, printed certain "charges" against the Actors' Fund Dramatic Bureau, purporting to be based on the testimony of members of a disbanded company that recently played in a piece called In the Trenches, under the management of one Charles Harkinson, who secured the people through the Bureau. It was alleged that Mr. Saphoré, the gentleman in charge of the Bureau, had extorted percentages in advance from several of the party, and had falsely ascribed them to Harkinson's financial standing and responsibility. The decayed paper furthermore called for an investigation of the Bureau and its "charges."

The Trustees decided to hold an inquiry not that they considered the allegations well-grounded, but solely because in their public

The Usher.



Mend him who can! The ladies call him, sweet.
—Love's Labor's Lost.

Nat Goodwin has paid over to his late wife's mother the \$8,000 legacy that was bequeathed to her. The residue of Mrs. Goodwin's estate belongs to the actor. It amounts to about \$25,000.

That pretty little periodical, the *Theatre*, has shed its first teeth. Dr. Sheffield, the gentleman who owned and controlled it (in addition to a patent process of dental crowning), has withdrawn from the enterprise, making it over to Mr. Densler Welsh, the amiable and industrious young man that fills the editorial chair.

Miss Coghlan's husband, Mr. Edgerly, has been dangerously ill with pneumonia in Boston.

Joe Howard, Jr., has been engaged in performing a somewhat remarkable literary feat. In three weeks, with the assistance of a stenographer, he has completed a 700 page "Life of Beecher." The volume contains many personal letters written by the great preacher and a vast quantity of hitherto unpublished material.

A Broadway dealer in photographs displays Dr. Robertson's counterfeit presentment for sale among the rest of the celebrities. The Doctor is wrathful, his *confreres* jealous and his patients jubilant in consequence of this unusual but flattering conspicuously.

The profession should know its foes as well as its friends, and for that reason this paragraph is written. Before the Madison Square company went to Washington, Mr. Palmer courteously appealed to Mr. Roberts, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, for a donation to the Actors' Fund to offset in some degree, at least, the heavy charge for transportation to and from the Capital. Mr. Palmer was aware that no rates could be given under the Interstate Commerce law, but the gift of a sum of money to the representative charitable institution of a class that spends immense sums annually on the road in question was entirely feasible if the proper disposition existed. It did not, however. Mr. Roberts curtly replied that the Pennsylvania Company would do nothing for the Fund. There is more than one way of getting to Philadelphia, Baltimore, etc., and I hope managers and professionals will bear the fact in mind.

Moreover, as no more passes are granted theatrical people by the railways managers will do well to withdraw the privileges of free admission to their attractions that railroad officials have always enjoyed. There would be nothing in the way of reprisal about such a course—it would be simply sensible and proper. Mr. Palmer states that neither at the Madison Square nor elsewhere that his companies appear shall Pennsylvania Railway people have complimentary entrance. He and other managers will do well to make the rule applicable to all railway men, without discrimination.

While the Mayor and the police kept New York thirsty on Sunday there was liquid refreshment galore for the fortunate visitors to Mt. St. Vincent in the Park. The sacred precincts of that establishment were crowded by eaters and drinkers, among whom quite a number of professionals were noticeable and notable. Joseph Haworth, Edward Aronson, Sidney Drew, Emma Maubury, Louise Dickson, Pauline Hall, Sadie Bigelow and Blakely Hall were enjoying the products of Mr. McCann's capital *cuisine*. Down at the secluded Casino by the Mall Mr. and Mrs. Schoefel, Miss Harrison and Joe Howard formed the centre of an interesting group of diners. St. Vincent is a charming spot to make the objective point of a Sunday afternoon drive at this early season, when Brighton and Long Beach are mere visions of the future.

Our Sage paternally urges the ladies and gentlemen of the profession to frequent the new MIRROR building at leisure moments. Artists are proverbially heedless, and liable to get into pickles. The contemplation of the article in Park and Tifford's windows would be apt, he thinks, to make them gro-arious!

Charles Overton writes from London: "Our first week at the Princess' Theatre with Held by the Enemy reached \$6,000. There is every prospect of a fine run. I went in one-half on the enterprise and receive besides ten per cent. of the profits. This brings my clearance on

the opening week up to \$1,500. I have already booked tour of the Enemy to begin in September. Three companies will be playing it simultaneously."

George Wotherspoon, who follows journalism and still has time to do the social thing, has become dramatic critic of the *Commercial Advertiser*.

Nat Goodwin's season at the Bijou has not come up to expectations. There have been some spells of good business and many of bad. Last week was one of the latter sort, when the receipts didn't average \$200 a performance. It was the same way with Dixey during his long Adonis run, only in that case the "boom" on the outside was never suffered to appear otherwise than rapid, thanks to the jockeying management. Goodwin personally has made a good thing out of the Bijou engagement. He has furnished simply his own services and received therefor a liberal percentage of the gross.

A party of assinine dudes sat in a box at the Grand Opera House on Monday night and deliberately threw diminutive bouquets into the faces of some of the Evangeline girls. The theatre was fairly jammed—there must have been nearly 3,000 people there. The proportion of women to men was about one in a hundred. Pretty and popular as Evangeline has been, and still is, it has probably done more to demoralize the stage than any other agency. The men go to see its women. It is an exhibition—not a performance; for assuredly the drivelling libretto, the cheap musical melodies and the horseplay business cannot be a source of attraction.

As a labor of love Frank Sanger is supervising the business side of Mackaye's production of *Anarchy* in Buffalo the last of next month. He will go to Europe June 21 if the multifarious details of the new theatre project do not demand his presence all Summer.

My suggestion respecting a benefit for Mme. Dolaro has, I am glad to see, borne fruit. Preparations are under way for a performance shortly at the Madison Square. This will be one of the few benefits of the season actually deserving of public and professional support, and I hope the returns will be commensurately large.

The developments in theatrical circles the past three days have been important. French and Sanger have fixed the lease for the Metropolitan property. Dixey has acquired a half interest in the checkered Bijou. Abbey is likely to sign for Wallack's within a day or so, and Schoefel and Grau will have the Star. Tearable is not yet engaged by Abbey, nor is Rose Coghlan.

That shy young man, Samuel Stockvis, who is one of the select corps that glean the latest dramatic news and gossip for this journal, was married on Monday to Miss Margaret E. Nagle, at St. Mary's Church. The ceremony was private, only relatives being present. Mr. Stockvis and his bride are spending a brief honeymoon in a secluded New Jersey town, watching the grass sprout and enjoying love's young dream.

A correspondent notes the similarity of Jim the Penman and Der Advocat. The latter was produced at Munich and failed. A copy came to Amberg, but he did not dare risk it at the Thalia. Sir Charles Young's piece in plot resembles the German drama.

In the Courts.

THE AMERICAN OPERA SUITS.

Another start was made on the opera company suits in the City Court last week, and two of them cleared up. Judge Ehrlich was the fortunate expounder of the law who was allotted the task of listening to them. The suits called were as follows: Ruth Torbeck who wants twenty-one weeks' salary, \$472.50; Jennie Woods, \$420; Jessie Woods, \$420; Jessie Watson, \$472.50; Alice Richards, \$380; Alfred W. Young, \$693.50; William Parry, assistant stage manager, \$2,000 for breach of contract, and William Bates, for \$500. When the question of a jury came up the plaintiff's lawyer said he did not care for a jury, as the question to be decided was one of law. The American Opera Company's lawyers wanted a jury, and Judge Ehrlich accommodated them.

The case of Mr. Parry was first taken up. Mr. Parry had been engaged by the company at a salary of \$75 a week on August 20, 1885. After eight weeks service he had been discharged. Besides salary he included some damages, in all swelling the amount to \$2,000. The contract was offered in evidence. The other side set up a claim that Mr. Parry had won a suit for two weeks salary, and that this barred him from further proceedings. The court did not take that view of the case, and held that Parry had a right to proceed in the matter. The result was the Judge ordered the jury to find for Mr. Parry the amount of \$1,125 and costs.

The case of Alice Richards, the ballet-dancer, was argued on similar grounds, and she was given a verdict for \$380. The defence thought they had had enough for one day, and asked an adjournment, as they were not ready in the other cases. The Judge gave them two more weeks to find support for their cases.

EVANGELINE FEELS DAMAGED.

Louise Montague is the latest aspirant for damages through the means of court orders, and \$500 is the amount she asks for. The suit is brought against Joseph Brooks and Captain Alfred Thompson, the owners and managers

of the Imperial Burlesque company. Miss Montague says that she entered into negotiations with the defendants and agreed to go with their company for a period of forty weeks as leading artiste, the engagement to go into effect on May 29 next. By that time she would be through with the Evangeline company and ready to gain ducats and merited applause from other audiences. A contract was drawn up and signed. Shortly after she was sent for and went to the house of Jesse Williams, where she selected music and made other arrangements for the season. Captain Thompson was present at the time, she avers, and asked her to sing, so that he could pass judgment upon her vocal accomplishments. Miss Montague did not want to sing there, as she did not like the acoustic qualities of the place. So she told the Captain he must go over to Brooklyn and hear her warble a few selections in Evangeline. The Captain was now pleased that she would sing where she was, and really, you know, felt insulted. A few days afterward she received a note from the Captain stating that she was not wanted in the burlesque company. Not believing that contracts should be so rudely broken, Miss Montague seeks legal redress. When the defendants prepare their answer the anxious public will ascertain how they are to attempt to escape the "prize beauty's" claim.

More Responses.

Since the first instalment of doings of play-thieves was printed in THE MIRROR, there has flowed in a constant stream of letters in regard to these scoundrels and their brazen effrontery. THE MIRROR is indebted to J. M. Schoneman, a journalist of Quincy, Ill., who exposes the Eunice Goodrich company. Miss Goodrich and her sponsee deal in the following stolen property: The Banker's Daughter, Engaged, Rosedale, The Flirt (probably W. J. Florence's new play), and Carrots (probably '49). All this and more, along with "solid gold watches" as prizes.

That cormorant among play-pirates, Nelson Compston, is now pirating Jacqueline, the property of Mattie Vickers. This fellow Compston is the barnstorming manager of the barnstorming Nellie Free, whose very surname suggests the buccaneer. Manager Berry, for Miss Vickers, has stopped these pirates several times; but the moment his grip loosens they continue the depredation, and thus far they have the best of the fight.

The Melville Sisters are well steeped play-pirates. A merchant in Columbia, Pa., writes: "In a theatrical sense, our town has been ruined by ten-cent companies. I enclose a sample bill of the Melville Sisters. They present Hazel Kirke, Galley Slave, Esmeralda, Divorce, The Danites and The Colleen Bawn. If I am well informed, all these are copyrighted plays, and I am surprised that the owners submit to the bold theft. I remember that some time ago THE MIRROR played an important part in the exposure and bringing to book of a number of play-pirates; but it seems that they have become bolder than ever. If I can be of any service to you, pray command me, as I am a lover of good dramatic performances."

Stella Rees is the star of the Norman Dramatic company. Many good words have been said of Miss Rees in these columns; but her business conduct is not just now in keeping with her artistic reputation. Recently one of Miss Rees' "changes of play each evening" (at Oneonta, N. Y.) was The Danites. Miss Rees played Nancy Williams and Billes Piper, much to the delight of the Oneonta provincials, who, of course, did not know that the lady was dealing in stolen goods, and probably wouldn't have cared if they did. Miss Rees has hitherto borne an unblemished professional reputation, and has aspired to shine in the stellar firmament as a constellation of Juliet, Julia, Pauline, etc.; but she has switched off the track, let it be hoped, temporarily.

One Harry Arnold puts his miserable talents to Nip and Tuck, which is Harry Webber's play. Harry Webber is an excellent comedian—from a Western point of view. Fact is, he isn't known in the East, but he's more or less of a great gun in the West. Milton Nobles has charged Mr. Webber with unprofessional conduct. They've had it hot and heavy in these columns, with the odds in favor of The Phoe-nix. This is not germane to the stealing, and we dismiss it. The airy Arnold is playing Nip and Tuck, which, by Western reputation and the ordinary inheritance that prevails in that region, is Mr. Webber's property. A "beautiful silver pitcher" does not attest for this stealing.

The unconvicted Waite boldly prints his uninteresting portrait on the first page of the programme. His is a "powerful stock company at popular prices." Always "one week, commencing," etc. "Past record a guarantee of the future." (Rats! or Chestnut? according to taste.) Waite is a dramatic bungo man. He hides plays under false titles. He is "queer" from A to Z, and is not oblivious to "prizes." Waite is a very cunning fellow, and is admired by his fellow-pirates. Boldness passes for courage with these worthies, and therefore Waite is placed upon a pedestal—has a niche all his own.

Josie Crocker, a long-time barnstormer, is at the head of the Baldwin Theatre company—high-sounding name, but this is a cheap edition. According to "dodgers" sent THE MIRROR, the versatile Crocker has a penchant for Hazel Kirke, The Galley Slave, Two Orphans and Queen's Evidence, and deals them out at the low price of ten and twenty cents.

Manager Scott, of Fort Scott, Kas., writes: "I send you letter head of a (me) new concern, and call your attention to the repertoire of Miss Grace Hezlep, America's Greatest Actress." Her manager wanted my Fair dates, but didn't get 'em. Put the company on your 'little list.' Charles P. King is Miss Hezlep's manager, and both are obscure, even in the West. The stolen plays in their repertoire include Fogg's Ferry Planter's Wife, Mountain Pink, Carrots and '49.

Here THE MIRROR reiterates a statement. It does not hold these companies altogether responsible. They can do nothing without the aid of the resident managers. Unfortunately, these local managers—the great majority—are hand and glove with the play-pirates. To wrestle with these thieves is a great undertaking. It is a single handed fight. The pirates are well armed, even though their weapons are rusty.

Costumes in The Love Chase.

Helen Dauvray's costumes in The Love Chase are faithful delineations of the period the play was written in, the great puff sleeves being perhaps the most noticeable feature.

The round waist and short, full skirt we are all familiar with, but the *tout ensemble*, while it is a perfect picture of the fashions of the day, is not perhaps so picturesque as others of the olden time. Miss Dauvray appears first in a blue satin, the little bodice almost hidden between the full sleeve and skirt. A pink satin is worn next; this is also plainly made, but becoming. A third costume is a delicate shade of moonlight, opening in front, disclosing silver passementerie. A finish of soft, filmy lace adds to this charming gown. A riding habit of that era would create a sensation now with its rather full, long skirt of green cloth and jacket of red, braided across the front a *la militaire*, with gold, and an enormous hat finished with gold lace.

The crowning glory of Miss Dauvray's costumes in The Love Chase is in the last scene. A superb white brocaded satin is draped with lace of a fabulous price—in fact, the cost of this costume is said to be \$3,000. The front of the skirt opens, disclosing a petticoat covered with pearl passementerie, edged with a fringe of pearls.

Miss Vernon wears some very handsome costumes. A crimson plush and blue satin are both striking and becoming costumes. In the last act she wears, very gracefully, a beautiful white Spanish lace as a veil. In fact, the white gowns in the last act are particularly effective in the dance.

Miss Stanhope wore perhaps the most picturesque grown of that rather stiff age in her character of waiting-maid—a charming little gown that makes one wonder why women of any age or period will disfigure themselves by following fashions whose only redeeming quality is that they change, but unfortunately do not change into anything better.

Hail and Farewell.

Good bye, Union Square! Good bye, Bowery Hill, on whose mound as a youngling I picked the early cherries. Good bye, George Washington, majestic on your bronze horse marching to victory. Under our eye has he lived and flourished for many years, and now we part for another lookout.

Beyond you we cast our mind's eye in its earlier years. We fall back on Ann street, where General Morris engendered for the old, old MIRROR, "Woodman Spare that Tree," and debonaire N. P. Willis "pencilled" brillantly for its columns.

An expounder of municipal growth cannot fail to record the fact that in its patriarchal epoch Gotham was a kid elephant and that many rode upon his back who attracted not much attention for their art or their wealth.

But now that it has grown to be a Jumbo, the older settlers who have stayed by the "animal" have been hooded to a great elevation and are looked up to as mighty men, millionaires, social guides and what not that is great and wonderful. It is not exactly that they are colosses in size, but it is Jumbo that is the fine adult.

There is a certain genial sadness in turning our backs on fifty years of the past, to close up a panorama which exhibited the virtues, the worth and the graces of cultivated men and artists who have made their exit with all the honors. Make way, then, for plate-glass of the largest and purest pattern, with a new frame double gilded and like Mr. Weiler with its microscope of hundred-million magnifying power. Up Broadway on no hackney cart or van it takes its way, in a triumphal chariot studded all over with gems of the first water, it calls a halt at its Aladdin's Palace on the Avenue and is wide awake as its chosen body-guard and genii hold up the magic MIRROR to show the very age and body of the time its form and pressure.

As among the observers who year by year looked upon this Progress, I have taken note of its multiple reflections, refractions and glints of the passing show.

In the kaleidoscopic pageant have I seen the tragedian, the tragedienne, the prima donna, the high and low comedian, the pantomimist, the trains and robes of obscure celebrities and vanished phantoms of what had been and what might be; ascending and descending aspirants for the sock and buskin, the kings, the queens, the Apollos and Dianas of the stage. Personally we have lived so far back as to have seen old Donto, who flourished at the beginning of the century, down to the horse chestnut monger of to-day.

Nor do we hold in lamentation the great eras of the drama that have gone away; with a vast background to contemplate, there lies before us the boundless flower-covered, virgin prairie, grassy prairie of a new world. If great actors have left a trail of light in the past, greater may lift their stellar orbs above the horizon and impart their later and fresher splendor to the stage.

In spite of the giant dramatists who have held the arena in other times, we may hope to see existing upon our sphere other masters, who will introduce us to a living world of imagination, fancy and humor.

Whatever may happen, and however earnest the cries of the people as they turn toward our Pisgah, "Watchman, what of the morning?" we need but turn our newly set and freshly-burnished MIRROR toward them and they may behold that which is latest, brightest and best in the great cosmos of the drama and its constituted forces.

NESTOR.

Gossip of the Town.



This is a portrait of Lula Evans, a comic opera favorite. At present Miss Evans is appearing professionally on the Pacific Coast, of which, we believe, she is a native. She is a good actress and singer, pretty of face and petite of figure.

It is said that a syndicate is getting ready to build a new theatre in Jersey City.

Frank Brooker, manager for Julia Anderson, has taken desk-room at Taylor's Exchange.

Harry Meredith will be at liberty after May 7, when he closes season with Robert Dowling.

The sale of seats for Dixey in Adonis began at the box-office of the Bijou on Tuesday morning.

There is talk of Billy Emerson, the well-known minstrel, establishing a permanent show in this city.

Allen Dare, by Admiral Porter, is to be put ou at the Star Theatre in August. A large company is required in the presentation.

Will S. Marion is looking for a manager for his Fortune's Fool. He doesn't want money, but a man with push and experience.

Maida Craig, of the Boston Museum company, is playing Florence Lowell in Prince Karl. She is at liberty for next season.

For good work done during the season, T. H. Winnett has given each of his lieutenants, William Black and G. W. Winnett, a hand-some present.

W. H. Stuart, who has been playing successfully in Taken from Life, joins Lizzie. May Ulmer on May 7 to play five weeks in Halifax and St. John.

Ethel Corlette, leading soprano, is disengaged. Miss Corlette is pronounced by competent judges to be a fine singer. She is one of the prettiest women in her profession.

R. L. Scott and Harry Mills are busy with preparations for their tour next season in A Chip of the Old Block. They open at the new Grand Opera House, Columbus, O., on August 29.

George W. Floyd, who joined the Mecca Order of the Mystic Shrine about two months ago, has been presented with a handsome Shrine badge by E. S. Innet, of the Deimatier Iron Works.

An error crept into THE MIRROR last week in the announcement of Manager J. W. Rosenquist's becoming a Free Mason. Mr. Rosenquist has joined Adelphi Lodge, No. 348, instead of the New York Lodge, as stated.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

PROVINCIAL.

[CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.]

Smith as Dick Dadeys made quite a hit. The Flor Crown co. will have a return engagement week of May 10.

Menz on: George Cooper, of the Mora co., who has been seriously ill for over a week in this city, rejoins the troupe at Lacosta.—Alice Gleason, the well-known serio-comic singer, is visiting her sister here.—Had the pleasure of meeting S. P. Norman, ahead of Margaret Maher.

DOVER.

City Opera House: A grand concert in which Dr. Louis had the eminent pianist Blanche Nichols, soprano, and A. E. Penzell, tenor, assisted was tendered a hit, especially Cassie Turner and Edward Warren; Dockstader's Minstrels 30.

Items: Manager Sweet's benefit 19 was a complete success. He was presented with a handsome gold watch chain and Masonic emblem by the Opera House attaches.—Barnum's advertising car was here as, and the town looks gaudy.—Franklin Kitty Berger appeared in concert as under local management. She will give a special matinee shortly.

NEW JERSEY.

TRENTON.

Opera House (John Taylor, manager): Joseph Murphy, supported by a strong co., gave a very amusing performance of *Kerry Gow* 18, large audience. Leslie Gosse played a very successful engagement 20-21 at low prices, presenting Uncle Tom's Cabin and Ten Nights in a Barroom. On the Rio Grande 20; Alone in London 22-24. *Barooms of a Great City* 25; My Aunt Bridget 27, 28.

NEWARK. *Miner's Theatre*. Maggie Mitchell opened 21 in the old familiar Fauchon as a house well filled and applause abundant. On May 7 Manager Frank Perley will sever his connection with the house, the regular season closing on that date.

Grand Opera House: A Soap Bubble, with T. J. Farren and Grace Emmett, opened 23 for a week. Large audience.

Waldmann's Opera House: Kelly and Murphy's Specialty on this week. House crowded at the opening. Good co.

NEW MEXICO.

LAS VEGAS.

Opera House (Charles Tamino, manager): Frederick Wards in Virginia 18; Richard III, 19; crowded houses. Good performance; by far the best attraction we have ever had in Las Vegas.

NEW YORK.

ROCHESTER.

Grand Opera House (P. H. Lehnen, manager): Little Hall and Fanny Bloodgood's troupe drew fair audiences 19-20. *Reindeer's Way* 21; *Adams Eden* 22. Maude Barrett appeared 23 to a delighted audience. The Color Sergeant. A Clerical Error and John Chatterton were presented. Miss Eastlake shared in the applause. Frank Mayo 25.

Academy of Music (Jacobs and Proctor, managers): The Howard Atheneum co. attracted large houses last week. This week Morris' Landing; next, The Silver King. Wilson's Opera co. did a medium business last week. Present week, Loder's Hilarity co.

Items: The Elks' benefit at the Academy of Music promises to be a noteworthy event. Special features are to be introduced. Mrs. Noah, supported by ex-Alderman Fitzsimons, will appear in scenes from Macbeth. Frank Mayo will give a recitation.

SYRACUSE.

Whiting Opera House (H. Lehnen, manager): The arrangement for the new co. will be Clio 26-27; Hoyt's Tin Soldier did good business 19-20. Wilson Barrett played to a very fashionable audience 21. Clay's Adams Eden showed to good house.

Grand Opera House (Jacobs and Proctor, managers): Francois Bishop, in *Mugger's Landing*, drew largely the past week. The Silver King is the attraction for the next week. Indigo's Home is understood for week of May 5.

Cal Wagner's Theatre: Charles A. Loder's Hilarity co. did well the past week. Adele Carlton, supported by the Pavements of Paris co., which disbanded here last week, will fill the week of 22. Cal Wagner also taking part.

CATSKILL.

The Nolida Theatre was formally opened last week by Joseph Jefferson and his co. in *Kip Van Winkle*. The house was well received with a large appreciative audience. The star was received with great admiration and recalled at the close of every act. The seating capacity is 900, but there were nearly a thousand spectators present. Mr. Jefferson was given a reception at the rooms of the Kip Van Winkle Club after the performance.

AUBURN.

Academy of Music (J. T. Matson, manager): Hall and Bloodgood's co. gave one of the best variety entertainments of the year 19-20. *Reindeer's Way* 21. Baker and Martin's Black Crook or fairies pleased in average audience 22. The Herbert Brothers, acrobats deserve special mention. Lily Clay's Adams Eden did only a fair business 23.

CORTLAND.

Opera House (Warner Reed, manager): Professor Bristol's Equestrienne gave four very profitable and enjoyable entertainments 19-20.

OSWEGO.

Academy of Music (John R. Pierce, manager): A large house laughed heartily at the Tin Soldier 21; Wilson Barrett appeared, as before a small house, giving a triple bill which was well received 22-23. Hoyt's co. 24; second visit this season. This house will now come into the control of Manager W. H. Frisbie. Of the Casino Opera House, on July 1, he having secured a lease for next season. The stage and proscenium arch will be lowered and enlarged, new scenery and a new drop provided, and a general refurbishing and renovation. Two first-class attractions only a week will be played.

ROMA.

Opera House (W. S. Sink, manager): T. J. Farren's Soap Bubble 20; fair house. Specialities good, and general satisfaction given. The New York English Hallad Concert co. 21; rather small but appreciative audience. Atkinson's Pinafore May 3; Silver King 10.

OLEAN.

Opera House (Wagner and Reis, managers): The guest entertainment of the season was that given by the Temple Theatre Comic Opera co. 19—Little Tycoon. Mr. Darby's *Reindeer's Way* 20; heard by a hearty audience 21; second visit this season. This house will now come into the control of Manager W. H. Frisbie. Of the Casino Opera House, on July 1, he having secured a lease for next season. The stage and proscenium arch will be lowered and enlarged, new scenery and a new drop provided, and a general refurbishing and renovation. Two first-class attractions only a week will be played.

UTICA.

City Opera House (H. E. Day, manager): Wilson Brown in a triple bill—Color Sergeant, A Clerical Error and Chatterton—good house down stairs. After A Clerical Error the entire co. was called before the curtain. Nancy and Co. 21; fair business. The Soldier 22; light house.

City Opera House: Lily Clay's Adams Eden 23; fair business.

ONEIDA.

Opera House (W. E. Bardwell, manager): Gardner's 20-21; fair-sized audience; piece gave satisfaction. The Little Tycoon co. 22, matinee and evening (return date) to large business. While personally not much impressed with this composition, I must own that it was "caught on" hereabouts. Dockstader's Minstrels 23.

Whit: The Elmira Lodge Elks, No. 62, will be initiated May 1, by John H. Meach, assisted by other brothers from Buffalo. Sixty prominent citizens will be initiated.—Jennie Eustace, of this city, left this week for New York to attend rehearsals of Our Society at the Madison Square.—Manager W. C. Smith is actively interested in supplying the public with out-door amusements the coming summer. He has control of our Athletic park.

BINGHAMTON.

Opera House (T. J. Neff, manager): Wilson-Brett 19-20. Largest and most fashionable audience of the season. A triple bill was given, viz.: Color Sergeant, A Clerical Error and Chatterton. While it was generally considered that the latter was a fine actor, the majority of the audience were disappointed. The performance did not come up to the high expectations which their expectations had been raised. The Color Sergeant and A Clerical Error are clever dramatic productions, but better suited to a drawing-room than a theatre, and Chatterton is too much of a monologue to please to the average audience. Then, too, Mr. Barrett's manner is entirely different from that of the American actors we know and admire, and here at first leaves a somewhat unfavorable impression. It can not be denied that, whatever his faults, he possesses the essence of histrionic ability. His co. are first-class.

AMSTERDAM.

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and those deserving special mention are the leading lady, Miss Eastlake and Mr. Emery.

Potter Opera House (N. S. Potter, manager): Taylor's Congress of Wonders 22-23 to large business. The entertainment is very pleasing, and some of the slight-of-hand work is truly marvelous. Howorth Hibberica co. 29.

POUGHKEEPSIE.

Collingwood Opera House (E. B. Sweet, manager): Arthur Rehan's excellent co. played Nancy and Co. 20; a call 21—No less than four ten-cent cos. have been refused dates since Jan. 18, all playing stolen dramas.

TIFFIN.

Shawhan's Opera House (E. B. Hubbard, manager): Wilber's Theatre co. 19, week; good business. The co. is first class, supporting Marie Brainerd. Bennett's English Opera co. 20-21.

MASILLON.

Bucher's New Opera House (J. V. R. Skinner, manager): Little Corinne played to fair houses 22-3, presenting Arcadia. Audiences delighted with the charming little actress, and kept up almost constant applause. Little Corinne captivated everyone with her utterances.

MANSFIELD.

Opera House (Miller and Dittmeyer, managers): J. K. Emmet in Fritz had a good audience no. Our people were somewhat disappointed in Mr. Emmet. Helen Sedgwick in Karastan, a typical girl, was well liked and attracted by the lively Spur co. Not many new things have been introduced to freshen the performance since last seen here, but W. H. Smedley and Sol Aiken, as Bush and Jung, managed to keep the audience in a continuous uproar. George C. Booseface in The Streets of New York entertained a small audience 23. Naïad Queen 24; Wilson's Dramatic co. 25.

1889. Helen Sedgwick, Emmet's leading lady, was considerably riled when here because she was advertised as with the Silver Spur co., which played here 22, and said she would make them trouble if they still continued to use her name. The manager of the Silver Spur co. claims that they were simply using up their old lithographs, with no intention to deceive the public. The Spur co. were really popular in the cities, and were to be here May 3 and 24. Every available space has been used, each trying to outdo the other in making their displays.—The theatrical people are complaining bitterly of the manner in which the roads are enforcing the Inter-State Commerce law here in Ohio.

NEW YORK.

Academy of Music (Meach Brothers, managers): Last week Salzburg's Troubadours in The Humming Bird amused rather light houses. *Bunch of Keys* 28-30.

Court Street Theatre (H. R. Jacobs, manager): Week of 18 Fowler and Warmington co. 21. Skipped by the Light of the Moon brought out a succession of large audiences. The Howard Atheneum co. opened 25.

The Adelphi: Business last week was fair, the Rents-Santley co. being the attraction. Lily Clay's Adams Eden 26.

Items: This week winds up the Adelphi's season under Colonel Snibbler's management. The new leases, Messrs. Gerlach and Swanz, propose to open for a short season the latter part of May.

WATERPORT.

City Opera House (John Taylor, manager): Frank Mayo and his excellent co. gave a splendid performance of *Nordick* 22. Large and appreciative audience.

Grand Opera House: Kelly and Murphy's Specialty on this week. House crowded at the opening.

Good co.

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DOVER.

City Open House: A grand concert in which Dr. Louis had the eminent pianist Blanche Nichols, soprano, and A. E. Penzell, tenor, assisted was tendered Nellie Caxi, one of our local artists, 19. Big audience and highly appreciative. Days in Vacation 20. The house was packed to a solid jam. This is the fourth visit of Vacation and yet it catches.

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DOVER.

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THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

9

now occupied by an American soprano as Peggy in Pinero's Schoolmistress. Emma Chambers, a very charming little lady and clever soprano, goes to America by this mail, and should make many friends both socially and artistically. Her genial disposition and undoubted versatility have won for her the Australian press, professional and public, and it was with a heavy heart that we waved her an adieu from the Melbourne heads with wishes for her success in the States; and our prayer be granted.

Charles McMahon is the manager and partner of Grattan Riga, braids which he has several theatrical ventures in different parts of the country.

A long season of burlesque has existed here, and Little Jack Sheppard has had an unprecedented run of some ten weeks. This can be accounted for by the fact that the co. consists (in addition to the two clever proprietors) of a V. V. Price, eleven clowns, and various clowns and Fanny Robins, probably the greatest soprano yet seen on the Australian stage. Willie Jenkins has charge of the front of the house, and his well-known amiability and courtesy is refreshing to those who during this "spell of heat" find theatre doing a very warm kind of amusement.

Victoria Hall: Frank Clark, late of Clark and Ryman, is still abroad with his home show of miseries; while now include Welsh and King, Holland Jones, Nellie Wilson and the well-known, clever and versatile Faust Family, with their Voader Medea as solo cornetist.

Princess Theatre: This elegant and *rueckere* house is still crowded with large and appreciative audiences to witness comic operas by the Royal Opera Co., and a long season of some three months next Saturday will witness the first appearance of last year's sensation—*As You Like It*, an English comedy which opens in Harbor Lights. Till she arrived here we also awaited Miss Morris as an *Am-Merriken*, and we regret to find so charming a lady is not of our nationality. Louise Davenport is also on the bill for this house, and expects to remain here another year. She sends regards to the folks, and W. E. Sheridan, her husband, does likewise. The latter is taking a sloop before going again into active work.

Alexandra Theatre: Martin Simonsen has simply done wonders with his Italian opera troupe, and the people of Melbourne are held by the wool—so much so, that it is now proposed to present Simonsen with a complimentary benefit, a testimonial, and all kinds of pleasant things. By the way, American managers please note: This house is open for a long lease in a month's time, and I can confidently recommend it as being one of the finest in Sydney, anywhere.

Walrus Jumps: W. H. Ladd is still in Melbourne, playing stock parts at the Royal—Harry and Charles Coghill, late at Emerson, are resting here—James E. Moore is still in charge of the Theatre Royal, and beams on patrons from the box-office—Will Simpson, an English clown and comedian, goes home by this mail—Fryer's Circus has gone to Tasmania with Fitzgerald, Shelliott and the rest of the "Yanks."

SYDNEY.

Theatre Royal: Carrie Swain is drawing big houses in spite of the fire, which seems to be burning the people heads. Carrie and Frank Gardner are great chaps, and soon hope to reach America again. After a tour in the States they intend opening at the State Theatre in Vienna, Austria, for which the Emperor has granted Miss Swain special privileges, and Mr. Gardner will have the Tomboy translated into German.

Academy: Hugo's Minstrels are drawing good houses here.

Gaiety Theatre: An American drama entitled, Queen of the Turf.

Opera House: George Darrell is sick and the house is closed. Of course it would be impossible to get anyone in Australia talented enough to take Mr. Darrell's place in his bloodthirsty dramas and so the house is closed. While we sympathize with Mr. Darrell in his illness, we must also rejoice to think what a lot of agony the public has escaped.

Standard Theatre: Alfred Dampier and his stock co., with Ned Gunther as business manager, seem to have taken a live long lease of this house.

Pain's Fireworks are doing the bulk of the business, however, and crowds nightly witness his pyrotechnic displays.

J. L. Goodman visited us the other day. He's still the same genial old friend as ever.

BIRSBANE.

Harry St. Maur has scored a great success with his comedies, and the Queensland people testify their appreciation thereof by bumper houses. Mrs. Digby Willoughby is leading lady in this co.

TASMANIA.

The Royal Comedy Co. with Arthur Garner in charge, is drawing well. The Comic Opera Co. leave for this Colony next week.

Nellie Stewart, a prima donna, left for Europe by the 15th to take a long vacation after five years' hard work. She is a clever little lady and deserves it. Richard and Stewart Nellie's brother, was married to Miss Devereux a few weeks ago. They are both young folks with good prospects in the profession.

J. C. Williamson is kept very busy just now arranging details of companies and the other 1,000 matters which he has under his own immediate eye.

Alfred Cellier, the well-known composer, is still here, and purposed returning shortly to England much better in health.

Miss Chester, an American actress, accompanies Isaac Morris on her Australian tour.

DATES AHEAD.

Managers of travelling combinations will favor us by sending every week advance dates, and mailing the same in time to reach us on Monday.

DRAMATIC COMPANIES.

ALONE IN LONDON CO.: N. Y. City 25, week, Trenton, N. J., May 3; New Haven 25, week, April 23, three weeks.

ANNIE PILLER CO.: New Haven 25, week, April 23, three weeks.

ARTHUR HANSON CO.: Brooklyn, Pa., 25, week, April 23, three weeks.

AGNES HANSON CO.: Baltimore 25, week, Frederick, Md., May 4, Wheeling, W. Va., 6-7.

AGNES WALLACE-VILLA: Fort Plain N. Y., 25, Holroye, Mass., 20-30.

ABEY'S UNCLE TOM CO: Orange, Mass., 25; Athol 25, Fitchburg 30, Clinton 25, Hudson 3, Marlboro 4, S. Framingham 30, Worcester 25, Lynn 25.

BLACK FLAG CO.: Hoboken 25, week.

BONNIE KIDS CO.: Buffalo 25, week.

BLACK CROOK (Moulton and Baker's): Albany 25, week.

BLACK CROOK (Kiralfy's): Baltimore 25, week.

BARRY AND FAY: Philadelphia 25, week.

BENJ MAGINLEY: Troy 25, week.

BEACON LIGHTS CO.: Philadelphia 25, week.

BURR OAKS CO.: Caldwell, Kas., 25, Wichita 25-30, Bound to SUCCESS CO.: Philadelphia May 5, week, Newark 25, week.

BLACKMAIL CO.: Cincinnati 25, week, Detroit May 5, week, St. Louis 25, week, Indianapolis 16, week, Chicago 25, two weeks.

BROWN'S COMEDY CO.: Milan, O., 25-30, Bucyrus May 2, week.

BOW TRAMP CO.: Wheeling, W. Va., 25-30, Cleveland May 9, week, Toledo 16, week, Cincinnati 25, week.

BLACKTON CO.: Paterson 25, week.

BONNIE KIDS CO.: Louisville 25, week, Evansville, Ind., May 2, week.

CORA VAN TASSEL CO.: Macon, Ga., 25, week, Savannah May 2, week, Charleston 9, week, Wilmington, N. C., 16, week.

CLIO: Syracuse 25-30, Gloversville May 3.

CROSSEN'S BANKER'S DAUGHTER CO.: N. Y. City 25, week.

CHARLES KRIS BREWER: Brooklyn Pa., 25, week, Monongahela 25, Braddock 30, McKeesport May 2, Latrobe 5, Scottdale 6, Conneautville 7, Johnstown 9, Altoona 10, Tyrone 11, Huntingdon 12, Sunbury 13, Williamsport 14.

C. A. GARDNER (Karl): N. Y. City 25, week, Jersey City May 2-4.

CATTIN-MYNG CO.: Hartford, Ct., 25-30.

DEAN BOUCICAULT: New York April 18, four weeks.

DEANNA FREDERICK CO.: N. Y. City Jan. 10—indefinite season.

DAN SULLY'S CORNER GROCERY CO.: Chicago 25, two weeks, Quincy, Ill., May 9, 20, Kansas City 10-14, St. Joseph 16-17, Plattsburgh, N. Y., 18.

DEVIL'S AUCTION CO.: Milwaukee 25-May 1, Oshkosh 4.

DANIEL HANEMAN: Bixbyington, Ill., 25-30.

DALY'S VACATION CO: Boston 25, week.

DOWLING-HASSAN CO: Cincinnati 25, week.

EDWIN BOOTH: Kansas City 25, week, Des Moines, Ia., May 2, Peoria, Ill., 3, Springfield 4, Indianapolis, Ind., 5, Dayton, O., 6, Columbus 7, Harrisburg 9, N. Y. City 10, New Haven 11, Hartford 12, New Haven 13.

EFFY ELLIOTT: Roslyn, Vt., 25, Richmond 25-30, Auburn Park, N. J., May 2, Long Branch 3.

EDWIN ARDEN: Wilmington, Del., 25, week, Newark May 2, week, Bridgeport, Ct., 9-11, New Haven 12-14, Springfield, Mass., 16, week, N. Y. City 10, week.

EDWIN F. MAYO: St. Louis 25, week.

EVANGELINE CO.: N. Y. City 25, week, Boston May 2, week.

EUNICE GOODRICH: Peoria, Ill., 25, week, Springfield May 2, week, Decatur 9, week, Hannibal, Mo., 16, week, Streator 21, week.

E. T. STRONG CO.: New York 25, week.

FANNY DAWNSHOP: Waltham, Mass., 25, Brockton 29, New Bedford 25, Newport, R. I., May 2.

FELIX VINCENT COMEDY CO.: Boone, Ia., 25, week.

Belle Plaine May 2, Lyons 2-6, Clinton 7-14, Sterlings, Ill., 25, week, Chicago 25, week.

SILVER KING CO.: Syracuse 25, week, Rochester May 2, week.

FRANK MAYO: Rochester 25-30, St. Joseph, Mo., 25-30, St. Louis May 2, week, Chicago 25, week.

FRED. WARD: Los Angeles, Cal., 25, week, San Francisco May 2, two weeks.

FRANK FRAZEE: Reading, Pa., 25-30, Washington May 2, week.

FANTARMA: New Haven 25-30, Providence May 2-4, Hartford 7.

FLORENCE BIDWELL: Pittsburgh 25, week, Washington May 2, week, Baltimore 16, week.

FISHER-HASSAN CO.: Boston 25, week, Newport, R. I., 4.

FRANCIS LABADIE: Portland, Ind., 25, Decatur 29, Huntington 25, week, Milwaukee 25, week.

FRANK LYON: Worcester, Mass., 25, Charleston, W. Va., 25, week, Washington May 2, week.

FRANKIE: Brooklyn 25, week, Washington May 2, week.

FRANCIS BISHOP: Rochester 25, week, Buffalo, May 2, week, Montreal 9, week.

FELTON-COMPTON CO.: Monmouth, Ill., May 2, week, Jacksonville 16, week.

FLAVIA COLIE: Amberst, Mass., 25, week.

GLOBE THEATRE: McKeesport, Pa., 25, week, Johnstown 25, week, Pittsburgh 25, week.

GRAND EAST CO.: Wausau, Ind., 25, week, Youngstown 25, week, Cleveland 25, week.

GRANGER CO.: Toledo 25, week, Cincinnati 25, week.

GRISMER-DAVIES CO.: San Francisco 25, four weeks.

GOLD KING CO.: Baltimore 25, week, N. Y. City May 2, week.

GOLDING CO.: Norfolk, Va., 25, week, N. Y. City May 2, week.

GEOGE MORTON: Norfolk, Va., 25, week, N. Y. City May 2, week.

GILDED CO.: Toledo 25, week, Cincinnati 25, week

THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

London News and Gossip.

LONDON, April 14.

Revivals, "second editions" and Easter holiday-makings have for the most part been the order of the theatrical day—and night—since my last. There has certainly been one tiny novelty, which, in the shape of a one-act comedy called *A Dark Night's Bridal*, was put on at the Vaudeville last Saturday evening. For this piece Robert Buchanan is held responsible, and those who now seek to excuse him for his production do so on the principle adopted by Mr. Easy's wet-nurse with regard to something which she had produced—namely, that it (the production) was such a very little one. For his story Mr. Buchanan has gone to the Middle Ages, via R. L. Stevenson, who probably had one of Balzac's "Contes Drolatiques" in his mind when he wrote the little story which gave Buchanan his plot.

The Sire De Chasséou is a fierce Burgundian baron or squire or knight of the shire—whatever may be the correct equivalent of the handle to his name. This gentleman has a grim castle and a pretty niece, Blanche, whom he evidently believes to be no better than she should be—if not worse. Henri de St. Valery, a medieval dude, happening to pass that way one night, enters the castle—whether for shelter or from pure cussedness is not quite clear—and accidentally running against la Demoiselle Blanche, is presently surprised by her uncle, who at once assumes that Henri is Blanche's secret lover. So the old man gives the young one the option of marrying Blanche or being hanged—and graciously allows the pair half an hour to talk it over, at the expiration of which time the sentence—matrimony or suspercollation, according as Henri shall opt—will infallibly be carried out. During their interview both show awfully bad form, but just as time is about to be called they agree to make the best of a bad bargain and to render each other miserable for life.

Buchanan's friends say that he means *A Dark Night's Bridal* for a dainty little "pome" to be played in a dainty little manner. Buchanan's enemies—that is to say, all who do not unquestioningly accept as inspired the slightest Buchananian utterance—say that R. B. has been trying his hand at Gilbertian topay-turvydom, and has failed in his attempt. On the other hand, it may be that the artists engaged misread Mr. Buchanan's intentions and misrepresented their author accordingly. Royce Carleton was acceptable as the Sire de Chasséou. But Fuller Mellish (Henri) and Kate Rorke (Blanche) did not seem to thoroughly realize what they would be at, and the result was on the whole unsatisfactory. The audience seemed somewhat knocked by the proceedings, and made no sign worth mention, either of approval or condemnation.

I have had another look at *Held by the Enemy* since it went into the evening bill at the Princess', and I like the piece even better at the second sampling than I did at the first. There is in its reception every sign of a popular success. Curiously enough, the stall-folk have not as yet caught on. A friend of mine lately returned from your side tells me that in New York it was precisely by the stall patrons—or those who would be stall patrons here—that the play was most appreciated. But of course the distinctions of "class" are not so strongly marked in your theatres as in ours, and this may account for the difference. At the Princess' *Held by the Enemy* is, as I have said, a popular success. On the night of my visit there may have been five pounds (\$5) in the stalls, but there certainly wasn't more. On the other hand, money is turned away nightly from pit and gallery, and those who get in follow every line with the most rapt attention—more especially the court-martial scene in all its details. The climax thereof rouses the audience to enthusiasm. Charles Warner's Colonel Prescott is the best thing I have seen him do lately. Of course he still gasps and jerks somewhat, for 'tis his nature to; but considering his opportunities I vow that I am astonished at his moderation. Charles has left off making faces at the audience and playing to the gallery, and his acting is all the better for it. His Colonel Prescott is really and truly a fine figure of a man, and it is a sound, robust, yet with tender piece of acting. When necessity arises for the "intensity" stop to be turned on, both the Colonel and Rachel McCreery—otherwise Alma Murray—are fully equal to the occasion, and the effect is very fine. The light comedy business between Bean and Susan (as represented by Yorke Stephens and Annie Hughes) goes down immensely well with the public, though some judicious critics have preferred to grieve therewith. Stephens' part is full of "fat" and he makes the most of it. Miss Hughes, though of course unable to exploit the humors of the Kentuckian (or is it Virginian?) accent after the manner of the young lady who played the part at the Madison Square Theatre, nevertheless contrives to invest the character with a coquettish charm which leaves nothing to be desired. If the success of *Held by the Enemy* continues it is to be hoped that the Princess' management will be able to afford to have the theatre swept and washed, if not garnished. It is dirty enough now in all conscience.

The last nights of *Faust* at the Lyceum are

now within measurable distance. Irving has just issued a manifesto setting forth what he intends to do in the way of revivals. On Saturday, April 23, he will start the series with *The Bells and Jingle*. *Faust* will be played every Friday evening until the close of the season, but not on other nights. There will, however, be three matinees. From May 16 to 26 *The Merchant of Venice* will be represented, and after this Louis XI., *Much Ado About Nothing* and Olivia will follow on by easy stages until July 16, when Irving and company will bid Londoners good-bye until April, 1888.

Last Sunday the *Referee* published a rumor to the effect that Wilson Barrett will very likely have a new theatre ready for him in the West End of London by or before next Christmas. Some think we have already got more theatres than good actors—and yet the cry is, Still they come—the theatres, I mean, and not the actors. Some weeks ago I told of one which John Hollingshead was said to be building. Rumor now associates him with another, but neither is as yet begun. John has, however, solemnly declared that these are mere "speculations"—that is to say, that he will neither lease nor manage them himself. Which would seem to imply that he has at last recovered some of his old practical common sense, which, judging by some of his recent exploits, seemed to have been leaving him. Edward Terry has taken a twenty-one years' lease of the theatre which Charles Wilmot is building in the Strand, on the site of the old Occidental Tavern. Violet Melnotte has been circularizing the press to the effect that not only has she no intention of giving up the Comedy Theatre, but she is open to take another theatre also if she can find one to suit her. That Augustus Harris wants (or says he wants, which is not quite the same thing) the control of two London pantomimes next Christmas, you already know from my former letters. Harris' efforts in this direction have just been definitely stopped, so far as concerns Covent Garden—but this by the way. Andrew Melville, a provincial manager well-known for his enterprising peculiarities, is said to have found a site for a new theatre in the Strand. Mrs. Bernard Beere, Jennie Lee and one or two other leading ladies are, so I hear, anxious to become lessees. Meanwhile the Empire stands empty—though, if all I hear be true, the enterprising syndicate which has lately taken the house in hand will not allow this condition of things long to continue. Still, it is borne in upon me that even if we have got too many theatres in London, we have certainly got quite theatres enough, as some of these enterprising entrepreneurs may find out to their cost before long.

Mark Melford's new comedy-drama, *Ivy* (late Will o'-the-Wisp), which was to have been produced at the Royalty on Monday, was postponed owing to Alice Atherton being down with bronchitis. Edouin now promises the production for next Saturday. Madame Favart will be revived at the Avenue on Monday.

Anyone walking into the Gaiety Theatre at midnight on Sunday might have fancied he had lost his way and got into Fairyland. The stalls and pit-seats had been removed, and all around were palms, ferns and choice exotics. And gliding hither and thither along the improvised polished floor were large numbers of more or less lovely ladies in more or less lovely toilettes; also there were shoals of prominent players and playeresses, journalists, warriors, legal lights, M. P.'s, peers and so forth, all assembled at the invitation of Manager Edwards to celebrate the hundredth performance of Richard Henry's successful burlesque-melodrama. Monte Cristo, Jr., which "century" (called on the card "anniversary") had arrived a few nights before.

The supper, which started at 12:30, was most "rekerky," and (glorious innovation!) there was no speechmaking. Not even was the health of Manager Edwards proposed. Manager E. occupied the chair, having on his right Nellie Farren (the popular Edmond Dantes of the show) and on his left Kate Vaughan, who runs Old Comedy at the neighboring Opera Comique. The charge of the other tables was allotted to Charles Harris (the stage-manager of the piece and of the proceedings); to Meyerhutz (the director of the music); Fred Leslie (whose Rouge-et-Nortier, convulses all London); E. J. Lennon (the De Villefort) and to Richard Butler and Henry Chance Newton, who collectively form the "Richard Henry" on the play-bill. "Richard," however, was too ill to attend, and so the "firm" was only half represented.

Dancing started at 2:30 A. M. and lasted until 5. Very fine the dancing was, too. Other merriment prevailed in the shape of song, and just before the celebrants strolled out into the broad daylight Lionel Brough sprung a vote of thanks to George Edwards and to Charles Harris, both of whom replied with commendable brevity. It was indeed a merry time, and lamentation, not loud but deep, is heard from those who were not invited.

At German Reed's on Monday a new first-part called *The Naturalist*, and written by Comyns Carr, was produced. It has plenty of knockabout farce in it, but it is far inferior to Carr's former sketch here, *A United Pair*. Corney Graw's new sketch, *Jubilee Notes*,

however, is about the funniest thing even he has done, and keeps the house in a roar all the time.

Your Miss Adelaide Detchon, warbler, reciter and chirrupper (who first appeared among us in a silly play, by Buchanan, called *Agnes*), has arranged to give shows at the Prince's Hall, up in Piccadilly.—A young and lovely trapezist calling herself "The Beautiful Geraldine," and bearing a large consignment of enthusiastic American press-notices, has just come to our Alhambra.—The London Stage wants an Actors' Institute built in honor of the Jubilee. I hope it will get it.

GAWAIN.

The Amateur Stage.

CLOUDS AT TURN HALL.

A number of members of different amateur societies participated in a performance of Fred Marsden's comedy-drama, *Clouds*, at the Turn Hall Theatre on last Wednesday evening, the entertainment being given by Martin J. Dixon. The play was presented in particularly good shape, under the stage direction of Prof. John J. Vause. In the role of Stella Gordon, Margaret Carroll bore off the honors, and proved herself capable of greater things. She is possessed of a handsome stage presence and considerable grace of movement. In the stronger parts of the play she was, however, at times lacking in power. G. Morton Brennan, as Fred Town, was decidedly funny, sharing the honors in this respect with P. F. Trainor, who enacted the role of Albery Sedley. Edna Hamilton looked pretty and acted fairly as Cora Adair, while Mamie Hammert, as Ella Randall, was as gushing as the part called for. The remainder of the cast was fair.

THE LEAGUE IN THE HONEYMOON.

The second performance of the season given by the League of Amateur Dramatic Societies took place at the Lexington Avenue Opera House on last Friday evening, when an extra large audience witnessed the presentation of *The Honeymoon*. The play was given a fairly smooth representation, although the numerous changes of scenery made it seem rather slow, and the performance was over by 11 o'clock, which is something out of the ordinary for the amateur entertainments usually given at this house.

Duke Aranza is, next to the part of Julian, the star role of the play, yet the honors of the evening, in the male line, were carried away by the Rolando, Thomas Platt. The character seemed to fit the young man to a dot, and he acted it with a vim and careful attention to detail that surprised the audience and delighted his friends. Henri Lee enacted the role of the Duke, and made up well—so well, indeed, that but few knew him. It is unfortunate that he was not so happy in his acting, which was mechanical and lacked verve. It is pleasant to note that the Julian, Hannah M. O'Keefe, made a complete success of her role. She was bright and sparkling, and seemed to grasp the meaning of her lines and of her character instinctively. As Volante, Agnes Boyton shared the honors with the Julian, both ladies dressing their parts with equal good taste. In the scene with Ronaldo, Miss Boyton kept the audience in a roar. As Jacques, Will N. Holmes proved himself the possessor of considerable comedy ability. Frank Thonger was good as Lampedo. Charles L. Harris, as Count Mountallow, while rather stiff in the first act, warmed up to his work later and did some excellent acting. Fanny Friedman, in the role of Zamora, handicapped herself in the first act by a ludicrous costume, and her good acting did not consequently impress her audience as it should. In the last act, however, she was highly effective. Charles Trier, in spite of the lack of necessary rehearsals, did the small part of Lopez very well, while the rest of the cast was satisfactory. The May Pole Dance showed the lack of proper rehearsals, and the entire performance would have gone with more vim had the actors been better up in their lines and not been forced to await the prompter's voice so often.

THE AMARANTH IN NO THOROUGHFARE.

Many of the best known names in amateur circles were appended to the circular indorsing the testimonial performance to Mrs. William H. Courtney. This lady was formerly a prominent actress in the Amaranth, generally appearing under the name of Helen Dayton. She has recently met with domestic affliction, and it was most graceful thing for the amateurs to come forward so generously in her behalf. The cast was substantially the same as when No Thoroughfare was presented by the Amaranth last season, but the performance was not as good. It lacked David Belasco's guiding genius and melodramatic stage management. The situations were badly worked up, and the climax of the last act was not given with anything approaching the same effect as on the previous representation of the same piece. There was no particular fault to be found with Charles Heckman, but he was naturally handicapped from the lack of ensemble. His Oberneizer is a very fine impersonation, and there is no one on the amateur boards who would venture to compete with him in this role. The Joey Ladie of Percy Williams is also deserving of high commendation as an artistic character sketch. Alfred Young was a creditable George Vandale, and Ida E. Williams acted the part of Marguerite with good effect. Other members of the cast were Veiled Lady, Ada Austin; Sarah Goldstraw, Ada Woodruff; Little Walter Harding, Channing Gray Whitney; Madame Dor, Mamie Sloat; First Wife, Annie L. Hyde; Second Wife, Jeannie Cochran; First Husband, J. C. Wilson; Second Husband, William P. McFarlane; Mr. Bintry, Charles W. Bellows, Jr.; Walter Harding, Frederic Bowe; Jean Marie, Charles Robins; Jean Paul, W. M. Campbell; Father Francis, J. C. Costello; First Monk, Frank Norris; Second Monk, Thomas T. Hayden; Third Monk, Fred C. Randall; Landlord, Albert Meafoy.

The Gilbert in SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER. The Gilbert has certainly done a great deal to redeem the inferiority of several performances given in the earlier part of the season.

The representation of *She Stoops to Conquer* was not brilliant by any means, but a very creditable affair in the main. The Young Marlowe of Adam Dove was naturally deficient in that delightful comedy humor with which Lester Wallack acts the part—yet it was an excellent impersonation from an amateur standpoint. William T. Harris was somewhat large for a typical Tony Lumpkin—that is, according to what has been considered a favorable size when the piece is cast on the professional stage. Still, Mr. Harris has considerable comedy talent, and proved entertaining and artistic throughout. Alice Ferris was a capital Constance Nevile. She made her points with excellent effect, and her entire rendering of the role deserved high praise. The same may be said with equal justice of Hattie F. Nefflin, whose impersonation of Mrs. Hardcastle would be difficult to surpass in an amateur cast. Charles T. Catlin was an efficient Mr. Hardcastle, but was somewhat lacking in size and various other qualifications for a model interpretation of a fine old English gentleman. Pauline Willard was an intelligent and comely Kate Hardcastle, but missed many of the best points with which the character is associated. Others involved in the cast were John F. Dyer as Sir Charles Marlowe, Charles Canfield as George Hastings, M. Lindemann as Diggory, Edward F. Cole as Roger, G. H. Beuermann as Stingo, Walter H. Jones as Jack Slang, Edwin F. Harris as Jeremy and Aggie Wilson as Dolly.

A COHORS MIKADO.

The *Mikado* was sung by local talent at the Cohoes (N.Y.) Opera House April 19. The choruses were nicely rendered, showing careful training and marked musical ability. Mr. Harry's Ko-Ko was the hit of the evening. Harry Sweet's Poo-Bah was well conceived and well sung. Fordie Russell's Nanki-Poo was a disappointment from a musical point of view, but his acting was pleasing. Jessie Miller, as Katisha, carried off acting and vocal honors among the ladies. Miss Abel Pitti Sing and Miss Weston's Yum-Yum were not far behind.

AN EXCLUSIVE MARBLE HEART.

About sixty persons were in the Academy of Music, Baltimore, on Saturday night to witness a performance of *The Marble Heart* which had been announced as under the patronage of leading society people of that city. The performance was a very exclusive affair. With the exception of the sixty above mentioned, the entire population of Baltimore was excluded. Harry Ludlam came over some days before and made arrangements to give the play with Caroline Hill as Marco and some well-known society amateurs of New York City in the cast. How Caroline Hill managed to get through her part with a serious face cannot be understood. Heron Allen played Raphael acceptably, but the rest of the company was rather shaky, and Harry Ludlam's Voleage one of the funniest things ever seen on the Monumental amateur stage. His gestures and the way in which he read the lines were funnier than Nat Goodwin's Professor Whiffles. Raphael's death act was marred by the curtain falling on him and leaving his feet and legs in view of the audience.

NOTES.

The Clio presented *Worth a Struggle* at the Brooklyn Athenaeum on Friday evening, April 22.

Members of the Amateur Opera Association were heard in *Les Mousquetaires* at the Brooklyn Academy on Saturday evening, April 23. Maritana will be repeated on May 12 at the same place.

The Clarendon interpreted *Single Life* at the Brooklyn Athenaeum on Monday evening, April 25.

An entertainment will be given at the German Club Rooms, Staten Island, on Sunday evening, April 30.

The Early Dance and Comedy Club invited a large number of guests to an entertainment and dinner at the ball-room of the Vienna on Monday evening, April 25. An amateur cast presented *The Captain of the Watch*.

Ella Otis, W. A. Clarke and other well-known amateurs appeared in *The Pride of the Market* at the Lyceum Theatre on Thursday afternoon, April 21. One thousand dollars is said to have been netted for the Chapin Home.

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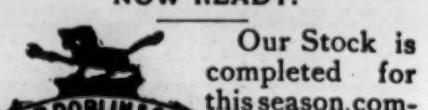
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